

# FAITH

Believe It  
...or Not



D a v e D u e l l

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Faith Ministries International Network

# FAITH

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...or Not**



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## Believe It ...or Not

*Paul, the apostle, said in  
Philippians 3:10,  
"that I may know Him..."*

*This book is written to show you how you  
can experience Jesus in a real and  
exciting way for yourself. The Holy  
Spirit is still at work in those who pray,  
believe His Word, and dare to practice  
and imitate the life of Jesus.*

*Christianity in its purest form is  
seeing Jesus.*

*Christian service in its purest form is  
imitating Him whom we see.  
To see His majesty and imitate Him is  
the fullness of Christianity.*

# FAITH

## Believe It ...or Not

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## FORWORD

As I write this, I am sitting in Davaou City, Philippines, under the beautiful palm trees, surrounded by the ocean. The scenery is absolutely wonderful. God has brought me here to minister to over 1,000 pastors, who are taking the life-changing message of faith and changing this country.

Ten years ago, never could I imagine that I would have had the privilege to visit and preach in 43 countries of the world. God's Word is so alive and so powerful. I credit this all to the Word of God in Psalm 2:8 that says, "Ask of me and I will give you the heathen for your inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for your possession." I've seen this scripture come alive in my life.

I've seen God's hand in so many beautiful ways. As I've witnessed His love and compassion, much unbelief has been taken out of my life. I'm able to see an alive and amazing Jesus whose hand is not shortened, but wide open. I see that I'm just a delivery boy for Him, delivering hot bread from heaven and releasing His powerful gifts of healing, deliverance, and salvation to the people of the world.

This message has not changed! Just as Jesus told the disciples to go and to proclaim that He is alive, we are told to proclaim the same message today. Jesus is alive!

The purpose of this book is to cause you to be encouraged and challenged to release this Jesus who lives on the inside of you. If God can take a man like me from the farm and do what He does through me. He can use you, too!

I've named this book *Faith, Believe It or Not* because I have seen God's mighty power released through many, many miracles. I'm excited! I'm excited! In Hebrews 12 it says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." I want, with all my heart and with all my life, to please God.

After I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit at the age of 31, chapter 16 of the book of Mark took on a new meaning. "These signs shall follow them that believe." Truly you have to believe, for when you do, the signs will follow you. This book will be just a little reminder to you that God is faithful. He is true to His Word, and He will perform it!

## **Chapter 1: Life on the Farm**

I am the youngest of 13 children. Some years ago, my father told me that when I was born my mother looked at me and said, “Daddy, I think this is our preacher.” That prophecy came to pass when I was 40 years old and became a pastor. My mom was already in heaven at that time, but I know she knows about it.

Growing up on a farm as I did was very interesting. My father was a dictator, which is probably necessary when you have 13 children. My mother was an example of love, for Jesus Himself was working through her. Mom was the one who gave me a great love for Jesus, because I could see Him in everything she did. The love that she had for me, joined with my dad's discipline, brought me to where I am today.

The training I received growing up on a large farm let me see how God operates through many practical experiences. One example is sowing and reaping. I had to take the seed out of the sack and plant it to receive a harvest. Many people keep their seed in the sack. I learned that when you plant a seed of any kind—a smile, a kind deed, or money—it never leaves your life, it simply enters into your future where it multiplies. The only thing that you will keep is that which you give away. Prosperity is having enough of God's supply to accomplish God's instruction.

I had a pin for 15 years of perfect attendance at Sunday school. Believe me, this was not my idea, but my father's idea! Although we lived 17 miles from town, my father was consistent in seeing that we were at church every time the doors opened. To tell you the truth, it didn't hurt me at all. Instead, it caused consistency to come into my own life.

When I was 12 years old, I spent a week at a Bible camp up in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. A missionary from Congo, Africa, gave his testimony one evening. I was challenged, and I accepted Jesus into my life that night. I know that what was in that missionary got into me. Since that time, I've always had a heart for missions.

When I was 15 years old, I knelt down by a hay bale out in a field and asked

God to grant me the privilege of being wealthy enough to support 500 native missionaries. This is still one of my goals in life. I want to see Bible schools raised up. I desire to see native pastors and native missionaries trained to go out and do the work of the ministry—to be able to do exactly what God has asked them to do.

When I graduated from high school, I didn't want to go to college anywhere too close to home because I knew that if I did, I'd have to come home at night and do chores. I decided to go to North Park Junior College in Chicago, Illinois, our church school. I had one thing in mind as I went to college—I was going to come back to Colorado with a wife.

God answered my prayer and let me meet a beautiful young lady from Chicago named Bonnie McCartney. She was exactly what I needed in my life, but I didn't find her until my school days were almost over. I used to make fun of my older brother who had found his wife-to-be in Iowa and was courting her by mail. I told him that I would never get involved with a girl who lived 500 miles away from our home. I refused to court my wife-to-be that way. Instead of 500 miles away, the Lord gave me someone 1,000 miles away, and we ended up courting by telephone and letter.

After we were married, I brought my Chicago bride back to Kersey, Colorado, to what we affectionately called Sage Brush Hill—no trees or grass, just sage brush, rattlesnakes, prairie dogs, and coyotes. We had a little mobile home of 8 feet by 36 feet, but to us as young lovers it seemed like a mansion.

God really blessed us out on Sage Brush Hill. I went into the dairy business with three of my brothers, and we eventually milked about 300 cows a day. We also raised purebred Charolais cattle. God gave us some tremendously valuable cows and bulls, and we owned interest in some bulls that held world records for weight gain. We also raised one world-record-holding, year-old heifer that sold at an auction for \$22,000.

God blessed us with three beautiful daughters, Tamara, Juli, and Darla. Some years later we adopted a beautiful little Korean girl and named her Sarah. All four of our daughters have been such a blessing to us.

My wife and I were very involved in our church where we served with all of

our might. We wanted to see the church expand and be blessed. We served as leaders of the junior high, senior high, and college age. We were involved with Christian Women's Clubs and Couples' Clubs.

We were so green and inexperienced as Couples' Club directors, yet we did the job and gained invaluable experience. God built greater confidence in us. I just want to encourage you to take advantage of every opportunity to give your testimony, to witness, and to serve no matter how inadequate you feel. Do whatever your hand finds to do and do it with all your might!

All Christians are called to serve and reach people for Jesus. If we look at the call alone, and then consider ourselves, we will be overwhelmed by our inadequacies. God is teaching us that He can use people like you and me to do a mighty work for Him—a work that cannot be done by us alone, but can be done by us through the power of God. Thank God that He equips those whom He calls. He will enable you to do that which you cannot do. The strength of your anointing is doing what God told you to do. Don't change commands to options.

Moses heard God call, "Return to Egypt and lead Israel out of bondage into the land of promise." But Moses answered, "O Lord, I have never been eloquent, neither in the past nor since you have spoken to your servant. I am slow of speech and tongue." In Exodus 4:10-17 Moses looked upon himself and considered his own inadequacies. He did not look to the promise that goes with the call.

You and I, church, stand at a critical point having heard the call, a call that rests not only on me, but on you also. The danger is that we might look at our own inadequacies and limitations and say, "How are we going to reach this big world for Jesus?"

God called Jeremiah. In Jeremiah 1:4-6 the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, saying, "Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you; before you were born, I set you apart; I appointed you as a prophet to the nations." Jeremiah responded, "Ah, Lord God, I do not know how to speak; I am only a child." Then God answered him in a powerful way that He saw him over nations and kingdoms. God knows you and me. He gave us our talents and gifts and abilities and has put His mighty Holy Spirit upon them, anointing them for His service,

so don't try to hide them. God never judges us on how much we do for Him, but rather, what we do for Him that He has called us to do.

I want you to pray with me now. I want you to put your hands in your lap with closed fists, as an indication that you have your own life in your hands. You hold the abilities and possessions God has given to you. Think of your relationship with God through Jesus. Now slowly open your fingers and release your life into the hands of God, not looking at yourself, but saying, "Here I am. I'm yours, ready to be released and anointed by the Holy Spirit."

I believe the world has not yet seen what God can do with a people totally committed to Himself. We can be that people!

The I Am in us determines the I can. Let us say without fear, "I am what He says I am. He is in me what He says He is. I can do with His ability in me what He says I can. This makes my life big and rich. This makes me worthwhile to Him. This makes us partners with Him. I'm going to take my place with Him and enjoy my rights. Faith will lead me where reason cannot walk." Live by faith, don't just visit there.

## Chapter 2: Holy Spirit Power

I had a real hunger for something more in my Christian life when I was 31 years old. I knew I was missing something. I was missing power in my life. I hadn't been taught about the Holy Spirit, so I didn't exactly know what He was all about. What was the baptism in the Holy Spirit?

I thank God for His Word. It says when we hunger and thirst after righteousness, we shall be filled. Luke 11 tells us to seek and we shall find. I had this search going on in my life. The reason I knew I needed power was because I didn't have the boldness to witness when I would talk with certain businessmen.

Then an event took place which changed my life. I bought a horse for our daughters, sight unseen, from a man in Boulder, Colorado. This man, Les, delivered the horse, and Les and I became good friends. Les began to tell me about the miracles he had seen, and I found out that he was baptized in the Holy Spirit. That really got my attention.

He then gave me a book by John and Elizabeth Sherrill, *They Speak With Other Tongues*. That book made me so hungry. Another book was placed in my hands called *The Cross and the Switchblade* by David Wilkerson. I saw the same experience mentioned—the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I was so curious. Then Pat Boone came out with his book *A New Song*. I knew God was placing these books in my hands so that I could see the reality of this experience.

Les invited me to go to Denver, Colorado, to a Full Gospel Businessmen's Regional Convention. I didn't even know what the Full Gospel Businessmen were all about, but I went that night to the meeting at the Hilton Hotel. Little did I know that my entire life would be changed.

I walked into the convention room and saw such happy people, all raising their hands. What a bunch of fanatics! The room was packed when we arrived,

so I stood by a big pillar right close to the back door — just in case I had to get out in a hurry.

Different men spoke, and what they had to say was so exciting and wonderful to me. I saw the power of God manifested in the main speaker, Velmer Gardner. He was a tremendous man of God, and he began telling us about the mighty miracles he had just seen in Canada. He stopped right in the middle of his talk, and a word of knowledge came forth through him. (At the time I didn't realize what it was.)

Velmer spoke out, "There is an Indian here whom God is calling. God wants to use you to reach your people. Please stand up."

I was skeptical. I had lived in Colorado all my life and had seen very few Indians. To my surprise, an Indian stood up just a few rows ahead of me. God was calling him. He went up to the front where He got born again and baptized in the Holy Spirit. When Velmer prayed for him, he fell to the floor under the power of the Holy Spirit. I had no idea what had happened to him. That Indian man lay on the floor the entire service.

By the end of the service my hunger had increased. I thought to myself, "Maybe this is what I've been looking for."

The speaker asked for all those who wanted to be healed or saved to come and stand at his right side—I didn't need salvation or healing.

Then he asked for all those who wanted to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit to come and stand at his left side. I looked around to see if I recognized anyone from Greeley. I didn't want anyone I knew to see me going up to the front. I looked around again. I was safe. I walked up to the front.

The man who told us about the baptism was a very gentle man. I was expecting wild frenzy and a lot of yelling and hollering. He explained it so beautifully according to Luke 11. I could see that everyone who asked would receive the Holy Spirit. Everyone who asks, receives.

Faith was born in my heart. The man led us in a prayer, and I'll never forget it. The power of God actually came into my life! The Holy Spirit roared down to



my big toes and turned around and came back up. As He hit my vocal chords, I began to speak in a new language—it was the gift of tongues! My ears had to get around in front of my mouth to hear what I was saying. I could hardly believe what was coming out of me; it was so supernatural. I was so excited about Jesus, and I was doubly excited about this supernatural event that had just taken place in my life.

I turned around and there stood my friend, Les, with a big smile on his face. He had gotten me there to hear the Word of God, and it had come alive in my life!

Acts 1:8 began to come alive. Jesus said, “But you shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you.” Let’s stop and examine that word “power”. The word power comes from the Greek word *dunamis* which means “power in action, as when put forth in performing miracles; ability; mighty works or miracle energy; supernatural force.” *Dunamis* is the word from which we derive our English word dynamite.

“And you shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.”

Let’s look at the word “witness”. This word is translated from the Greek word *martyr* which means witness. Because so many witnesses laid down their lives for their testimony about Christ, the word *martyr* gradually became understood as “one who bears witness by his death.” Witness also means “to give or be evidence; one who demonstrates, substantiates, or verifies his testimony with an exhibition of evidence.” Acts 4:33 explains exactly what this means, “And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all.”

How did they witness? By miracles, signs, and wonders. So in substance, Jesus was saying this in Acts 1:8, “You shall receive virtue, miracle ability, supernatural energy after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you for a specific purpose: to enable you to give absolute evidence, miraculous proof of my resurrection. This power working in you will actually demonstrate and exhibit the proof of your testimony so as to verify your claims as with documented credentials. And you are to exhibit this supernatural evidence of My resurrection in your own cities and countries and unto the inner and hidden parts of the earth;

yes, even to the remote and last frontiers of civilization.” So the purpose of the Holy Spirit with all His power and gifts is to help us evangelize the lost people in this world.

When we take the miraculous out of Christianity, all we have left is religion. True Christianity is not a religion, it is a life—the life of Christ lived in and through us.

Thank God for knowledge of His Word that causes us to grow in the things of God.

### **Chapter 3: A Time of Trial**

I was now baptized in the Holy Spirit, and my thoughts were “Praise God, no more trials, temptations, or problems. I’ve got it made! I’ve got the very power that raised Christ from the dead living inside of me.” As you can tell, it was ignorance gone to seed. Little did I know that the Holy Spirit is given to help overcome trials, temptations, and problems so that you can be more than a conqueror like the Word of God says.

I now had a new sense of destiny in my life, a new challenge. The Word of God came alive to me. Before, I had a hard time reading the Bible because I worked such long hours and was so tired by the end of the day. After the baptism of the Holy Spirit, I’d sit down and read the Word for hours. I thought the Lord had written a new Bible. It was alive!

The Lord sent me right to Acts 1. As I read, I saw that the same power of the Holy Spirit working through men then was available to men now. I found that Mark 16 said, “These signs shall follow them that believe....” I told myself, “I’m a believer, I’m a believer.”

“And believers were the more added to the Lord....” Acts 5:14. The early disciples of Jesus were referred to as believers long before they were called Christians. We have been filled with the same supernatural capacity to believe. It is more than a mere intellectual assent. A true belief is not something that the mind possesses; it is something that possesses the mind. It is birthed in the heart of a man and spends its life taking over more territory in his spirit.

I knew two verses quite well—John 3:16 and “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever.” I said those two verses over and over again, and I believed them. The Word says, “Signs shall follow them that believe.” Later on, I met a Christian man who said he didn’t believe in speaking in tongues or laying hands on the sick or casting out devils. In a nice way I said, “That’s all right, brother. You don’t have to worry about it, because these things will never happen to you. These signs follow them that believe.”

Wouldn’t it have been wonderful when Jesus gave us a new heart that He would have given us a new head, but that is our job, renewing our minds to His Word. Real believing involves a deep inner transformation and progressive

growth.

God was working on me, and He placed a simple faith inside of me to believe the Word of God. To be labeled as believers, we must be fully persuaded in our hearts that Jesus is the Savior of the world. We must be steadfast in our commitment to the ideals that He upheld. We must fully adhere to the truth of His Word, trust in His promises, and rely on the power of His grace. When we are born again we receive a new nature. Faith is the nature of the new creation. Things began to happen in my life.

Sunday, the day after I received the baptism, I went to my adult Sunday School class and announced that I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit and now spoke in tongues. I asked if they would like to hear me. There was absolutely no response.

Later that day I shared my experience with my wife, and she didn't know what to think. She checked me out on these things and it took a process of time, but she then received also. God really worked in her life.

I began to share this experience with the high school students, and one young lady received the baptism. It kind of shook things up in our church.

When the pastor was on vacation, the chairman of the board gave me permission to invite a man into the church to give his testimony. It was an exciting testimony about the baptism in the Holy Spirit and miracles. But many didn't think it exciting.

When the Pastor returned the next Sunday, he announced that he didn't allow Christian Scientists or Jehovah's Witnesses in this church and neither would he allow Charismatics. It was later rumored that the Charismatics were splitting the church. Since my wife and I were almost the only ones who fit into that category, we felt it best to leave the church. This was a very painful decision for us as I had been in that church for 31 years.

Remember the high school student that I first prayed with to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit? Praise God, that young lady married a Spirit-filled man, and they are now in New Zealand preaching the gospel and teaching in a Bible School. I just praise God that I had the privilege of sharing with her,

because it changed her life from that point on.

At the time we left our church, a missionary couple was scheduled to come for special meetings. Bonnie was told that morning by the Holy Spirit to clean our house and be prepared, because the missionaries were going to be visiting us. She never told me about it.

That night at seven o'clock one of the men from the church called to say that the missionaries wanted to come out and meet with us. When he and his wife came to our door, our spirits leaped with joy. The missionary told us that when he had arrived in Colorado, he had heard about this Charismatic couple who were splitting a Greeley church. He wanted to see us because he knew we were of the same spirit. He and his wife were sent by God to encourage us, and we certainly needed it.

He told us about his experiences with the Holy Spirit. It was the Holy Spirit who had saved their lives when there were problems in the country of China. This missionary told how all of the missionaries in their area had gotten together to pray. A message in tongues came forth, although at that time they didn't realize it was in tongues.

"My wife is of Danish descent," he explained, "and knows the Danish language. The message in tongues came forth and she understood it, as it was in Danish. The person speaking had no knowledge of that language, and it was the Holy Spirit warning all of us to get out of China very quickly. The ones who didn't heed that warning did not make it out of the country alive." The missionaries left us encouraged and with new strength.

## **Chapter 4: Holy Spirit Training**

After leaving my home church, we joined the Presbyterian church. Bonnie and I wanted to maintain a low profile, but I can remember the first couples' meeting we attended. They were studying Mel Tari's book *Like a Mighty Wind*.

The leader of the meeting looked at my wife and me and said, "I know this thing has happened to you, this being baptized in the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. Why don't you tell us about it?"

So there we were, at our first meeting in the Presbyterian church, and we had to tell all those couples that we were baptized in the Holy Spirit. So much for keeping quiet!

The pastor and his wife had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, as well as many other members in the congregation, and became very close friends of ours. The church started a prayer and praise meeting, and it was there that I received my training in the Spirit.

We were so green concerning the things of God. We'd come together and sing and praise God. Messages in tongues would come forth with interpretations and prophecies.

It was there that God began to use me to get miracles to others. I can remember one particular night so clearly. I was there enjoying myself, and the Holy Spirit spoke to my spirit. He spoke so clearly that I had no doubt who it was. "Dave, there's a person here who has colon problems and if you'll say something, I'll heal him."

I thought to myself, "Oh no, colon problems!" I didn't like what I heard.

If the Holy Spirit would have said a headache or something like that, I would have had an easier time. But colon problems? That just sounded awful!

The enemy immediately began talking to my mind. He will talk to your mind too. Your mind will go wild and flaky on you. You've got to take control of your mind and listen to the Holy Spirit. This voice in my ear said, "They'll chase you out of this church if you say something like that. There's nobody here with colon problems. What if you say that and there's nobody here."

After a little while, the Holy Spirit spoke to me again and He said, "Dave, whose miracle is this?"

That got me thinking. I replied, "Holy Spirit, it's not mine. I don't have colon problems."

"Yes," the Holy Spirit responded, "I know it's not yours. I'm just using you to release this miracle to someone who has that problem. If you'll be faithful and obedient to speak it out. I'll heal that person."

"Oh, You mean I'm holding back somebody's miracle?"

It hit me like a ton of bricks. God wants to use us to deliver, to reach out, and to release His power to others! The gifts of healing are not for ourselves, but they're for others. You and I are carrying someone's miracle, and they won't receive it unless we are obedient to release it to them.

"Well, Holy Spirit, you're going to have to make it quiet in here."

Lo and behold, it got real quiet. So quiet, that the only thing making noise was my pounding heart. I had just asked the Lord to give me an open lime and here it was. What would I say?

I boldly said out loud, "Somebody in here has colon problems, and God wants to heal you." Then I looked down and closed my eyes.

Nobody responded, and that sneering voice came back to my ears, "See, there's no one here with colon problems. Now they will know you're crazy. They'll know you're a fanatic. There's nobody here with that problem." The meeting went on, but I knew in my heart that I had been obedient.

After the meeting, a young college girl came up to me and asked, "What did



you mean when you stood up and said that?"

"The Lord showed me that someone has problems in their colon," I answered, "so in obedience to the Holy Spirit, I just spoke it out. I've never had this happen to me before."

She looked at me real hard, "Well, I have that problem."

"You do?" I shouted. I could hardly believe it!

Another man and I laid hands on her and prayed for her. We didn't see lightning strike, and didn't feel goose bumps, and she didn't fall on the floor. "I guess you are healed," I said. She thanked us and left.

Two weeks later I saw her in another church. When she saw me, she ran all the way from the opposite side of the church and gave me a great big hug as she said excitedly, "Do you remember me?"

"Sure! You're the girl I prayed for in the church a few weeks ago," I answered.

"God healed me that night," she squealed, "and I haven't had a problem since!"

It was so exciting to see a miracle!

I thought to myself, "Wow, it worked! I am going to go up to the hospital and empty it!"

I did go to the hospital. I went from room to room and saw maybe one out of 25 get healed. I was disappointed and went down to the lobby to have a talk with God.

"What's going on here, God? Why aren't they all being healed?"

He began to speak to my spirit and said, "Dave, who is doing these miracles?"

“It’s you, God. Not me!”

He said, "You’re right. You can’t take any credit for it, can you?”

“Not one bit!”

Then God told me something so powerful that it absolutely changed my life, and it will change your life too.

He said, "Neither can you take any credit if they don’t get healed."

Did you hear that? What keeps you from laying hands on the sick? What keeps others from laying hands on the sick? That same question comes to people all over the world who are wondering, “What if they don’t get healed?” You see, we’re all out to protect ourselves and protect our flesh. We’re afraid to make a mistake. That's where faith comes in. It takes faith to lay hands upon the sick and believe God for their recovery.

I then asked, “You mean if I lay hands on someone and he drops dead, I can just step over him and pray for the next person?”

“Yes,” the answer came.

From that point on, I began to lay my hands on everything that moved and didn’t move. I was excited about this living Jesus. It was the beginning of miracle after miracle.

Jesus is the total Word of God. He is the embodiment of all God’s exceeding greatness and precious promises. To believe in Him automatically involves tapping into the supernatural and receiving of what He is. Jesus said if we believe in the light, we become the children of light. In the same way, if we believe in miracles, then we become children of miracles. If we believe in the authority in Jesus’ name, we become children of authority.

If we believe in Jesus, we become identified with what He is— His nature. His character. His attitudes, and His abilities overflow in our lives. No wonder Jesus promised, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that BELIEVETH on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works shall he do because I go to the Father.” John 14:12

In the early church it happened—the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dead were raised—miracles abounded. Now God is doing it again. The requirement is still the same. “He that comes to God must believe...”

I even saw miracles happen as I laid hands on my cows and sick calves. It was exciting, but I longed to lay my hands on people.

## **Chapter 5: Demons and Deliverance**

I didn't have any problems with speaking in tongues and laying hands on the sick, but casting out devils was a different story. I had no understanding about deliverance and didn't want to get involved with it.

I went with some brothers in the Lord to St. Louis, Missouri, for some men's meetings. One night, in our hotel room, a few of us began to tell my friend from my home town about the Holy Spirit. When it came time to pray with Len, one of the brothers, he began to act strange and got down on his hands and knees. He raced around and around our large hotel room, chasing us down and practically running over us. We were laughing hard but at the same time wondering if this was something we should be laughing at.

He stood up and shook his head. His eyes were looking funny, and soon they seemed like they were going to pop right out of his head! He began to say very strange things and I knew it wasn't Len speaking, but a demon.

This thing said in a wicked voice, "I'm not Len, I'm Jesus Christ."

Boy, fear came all over me because I knew Jesus wouldn't talk like that. This demon even quoted some scripture to us. My other friend, Don, and I began to pray. Don closed his eyes.

"Open your eyes!" the demon yelled. "If you close your eyes, Don, you'll just drop over dead."

Don's fear-filled eyes shot open, and I began to pray. Len then looked at me and commanded, "Get on your knees."

Man, I hit my knees and was looking up at what seemed like a giant. Len was a weight lifter and body builder.

He looked down at me and spoke haughtily, "Don't say one word! Don't say one word! If you say anything, you're going to drop over dead!"

Fear had taken over and I thought, "Oh no, what have I gotten myself into?" I was to a point where I was even afraid to think. But I began to think, "Jesus,

Jesus.”

There was another man in the room from New York City whom we all, including the demon, had forgotten about. (I’m going to shake his hand in heaven because he knew what he was doing. We would have perished for lack of knowledge.)

He came and stood between Len and me. He grabbed Len by the head and cast the devil out of him. Len hit the floor under the power of God. When he got up, he looked at all of us and asked, “What’s wrong with you guys? You look scared!” He had no idea what had been going on and what had been happening through him. I could hardly believe it.

I exclaimed with shaking knees, “You don’t know what’s been going on?” and then told him about the previous moments.

This was my first experience with the devil and deliverance. The Holy Spirit allowed me to go through that so I could see the reality of the unseen realm. I believe that every Christian should experience a deliverance. It’ll make a believer out of you and will let you know that Ephesians 6 is true when it says that we do not fight flesh and blood, but we fight principalities and powers in high places. We have unseen enemies that we’re fighting against.

It seemed like every person who had a demon in our area came to our home for deliverance. I would spend hours with them, and I felt like I was being killed by a lack of sleep. I asked the Lord Jesus one day if there was a better way to cast out devils. He said “I’m glad you asked. There is. The devils know whether you believe what you are saying when you tell them to come out. So believe what you say.” The deliverance ministry changed for me from that moment on. “Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.”

These experiences were not to be my last.

## **Chapter 6: A Miracle in Canada**

While in the cattle business, I met the Biensch brothers, ranchers from Canada. These brothers became wonderful friends of mine, and I had many exciting experiences with them.

One of the first men whom I prayed with to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit was Harold Biensch. We were at a cattle sale in Arkansas, and I had the privilege of taking Harold to the airport.

On the way, I shared with him about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Thank God, he was hungry to know about it. He had never heard about it before, and I was hesitant to say "tongues" because I thought he might jump out of the car.

Harold's response was, "I want everything God has for me."

We arrived at the airport with only a few minutes to spare before the plane was scheduled to leave.

I turned to Harold, "Brother, I'll tell you how I received. I just asked and I received."

He looked back at me with expectant eyes and said, "Please pray for me."

I prayed and then told him, "Make a few little noises and don't speak in English." He was so obedient and did what I told him to do. He began to make some little noises and all at once he took off, speaking in tongues! He was so excited that he couldn't stop! He ran to the plane when we left each other speaking in tongues.

Harold went back to Canada and told his brothers. He then sent his brothers to Colorado to meet me. One brother, Roy, was born again and baptized in the Holy Spirit in a Full Gospel Business- men's meeting we attended. These brothers got excited and invited me to come to Canada to speak at a three-day meeting. I told them that what I had to say could be said in five minutes. What would I speak on for three days?

I found out that the farther you get away from home, the greater they think

you are. I always say, "A big shot is just a little shot away from home," or, "A big shot is just a little shot who keeps shooting."

They paid for my plane ticket, and I flew to Edmonton, Canada. From there we had to drive about four hours. As we were driving, the brothers told me that they had advertised the meetings in a local newspaper and then handed me a copy to read. The ad said, "Bring the blind, the lame, and the dumb. Evangelist Dave Duell is coming to town." I couldn't believe it!

God had forced me to reach way out beyond myself, which caused great prayer to come into my life. Praise God, I was away from home. I had those meetings, but I don't remember what I said because I was so nervous.

I met a man years later who had attended those meetings. After leaving the first meeting, he looked at his wife and said, "Wasn't that pathetic?" He went on to say to me, "I'd never heard anything that bad but I want you to know something. That night my son was healed."

Apostle Paul said in 1 Corinthians 2, "I didn't come to you with excellence of speech, but with power and might and demonstration of the Holy Spirit."

Back to the first meeting—I had given my testimony and I knew it was time to call up the sick. I was praying there were no sick. I pleaded with God, "Let's start out with a headache, ok? Let's forget the crutches and wheel chairs and all that kind of stuff. Let's just start off with something easy."

I looked at the audience and asked, "Is there anybody sick here?"

As I looked to my left, there was a woman getting out of the pew. She had a woman on each side of her, and they helped her as she had crutches and was blind. They brought her up to the front of the church and I was thinking to myself, "Oh, no, what am I going to do now? What am I going to do now?"

I walked over to her and just acted like I knew what I was doing. I asked, "What's wrong with you?" She told me that she had multiple sclerosis. "Oh no! Multiple sclerosis!" I felt like panicking, but the Bible says to lay hands on the sick. I reached out, laid my hands on her and commanded that multiple sclerosis out of her. The power of God hit her and knocked the crutches right out from



under her arms, and she immediately received her healing. She got up and ran back and forth across the front of the church and then right out the door. She ran two blocks home and told her husband.

Talk about confidence. I walked to the other side of the platform and boldly asked, "Is anybody else sick in this place?" This was the beginning of miracles in my life. I saw the power of God manifested, and from now on, I would not be satisfied with anything less.

Many more tremendous miracles took place during those three days. God showed me that He would use anybody who was willing to be used. I like the words available and availability. I call it "Available to His ability." If you are available to His ability, praise God, you will see things happen! Maybe the reason I've seen more miracles than you have is because I've laid my hands on more people.

As I go around this country and the world, I ask, "How many of you here are believers?" I then have the people raise both hands and I say, "Now, turn your hands around and look at them. Those are believers' hands. The Word says these signs shall follow them that believe—they shall lay hands on the sick."

I emphasize that they should lay their hands on the sick. I want to challenge the believers reading this book—begin to lay your hands on the sick, and God will do these very same things through you that He has done through me. His life and power will be manifested through you!

God will not do any of His great works upon the face of this earth unless He does them through our own lives. We are His representatives here on the earth. Jesus is representing us in heaven, and we're representing Jesus on this earth. We're His ambassadors—ministers of the highest rank. God calls us to step out for Him and do His work. Release His power and His glory on this earth. It's up to us. We're enforcing what Jesus Christ has done for us at Calvary. If we don't do it, who else will?

Prayer is wrenching Satan's claws from God's property. A tremendous hatred has come in my life against sickness and against what the devil has done to people.

When Jesus went out and ministered to people, He didn't say, "Now folks, we're going to have a miracle or two because I want to demonstrate my power." The Bible says that Jesus went out, and as He saw the people. He had love and compassion on them. He saw what the devil was doing to them, and He set them free, delivered them, and healed them. He told us to do the same works that He did. "As I am, you shall be in the earth."

## **Chapter 7: Birth of a Ministry**

After returning home from Canada there was such a desire in me to share my testimony with people. One night at about 10:30 p.m. I said, "Father God, I want to share my testimony somewhere. I want to share what is in me."

The Spirit of God spoke to me in my spirit and said, "Dave, do you want me to set up your itinerary or do you want to?"

"God, it would be tremendous if you would be my agent! You set up everything for me."

He replied, "I'll do it. This week I'm going to give you two home meetings and a church meeting."

It was already Tuesday night, but that night people began to call, and two home meetings were set up. I was up in the mountains on Saturday and said to God, "Father, I thought You said that You'd give me a church meeting." Someone heard I was in the mountains, found me, and asked me to come and minister to a church group on that same day.

God has set up my itinerary ever since then. He even tells me how many people will be saved, and I've seen it happen just exactly like He has told me it would.

One cold January day in Denver, Colorado, while showing cattle at the National Western Stock Show, I looked out toward the mountains and saw a beautiful ball of color in the sky. I had never seen anything like it in all my life. I poked the other cattlemen, "Look at that! Look at that!" They looked up and then went back to their work without a word. I don't think they could see it. It seemed to be a supernatural event.

That evening, two of my brothers and I met with the Biensch brothers from Canada. After a sale, we went out to supper, and then around midnight we went back to our sixth floor hotel room to praise and worship God. I will never forget it.

We were praising God, and all at once a prophecy came forth from one of the men. After it was finished I said out loud, “Lord, if that prophecy was from you, verify it.” The power of God hit us all and knocked us flat. We didn’t even lay hands on each other! Some hit the beds, and some hit the floor. I hit the floor.

The Spirit of God spoke to me loud and clear saying, “Dave, I’m giving you a ministry called Faith Ministries.” (Ministries, not ministry.) I didn’t know what He was talking about, but that’s all He said to me.

Harold Biensch was lying on my right, and God told Harold that He had given me a ministry and to support me. Harold blessed me financially in a mighty way that next year and released me to begin to move in the realm of ministry.

We were sitting on the floor talking about the marvelous things that had already taken place when a loud wind was heard. Our first thoughts were, “A tornado?...in Colorado?...in January?—how strange!”

We ran to the balcony door and flung it open only to find that the air outside was still. We realized then that the wind was inside our room. For almost an hour we listened to the Holy Spirit in the wind. It was marvelous and was comparable to what is recorded in Acts 2:4 where the Holy Spirit came like a mighty rushing wind and baptized those in the upper room. It was just like the miraculous birth of the Church in Acts.

That same evening, one man had a vision. Another received his prayer language. A spirit of laughter fell on all of us. We laughed so hard that we had to ask the Lord to let us stop.

## Chapter 8: A Prophet Comes to Town

One time I gave a book, *New Wine is Better* by Robert Thom, to my nephew, Harvey, who lived in Wray, Colorado. He read that book and got excited about it. One Sunday afternoon Harvey prayed, “God, I want to meet a prophet like Robert Thom some day. I want to meet a man like that”

On Monday morning, Harvey, who at one time had been on staff with Campus Crusade for Christ, received a phone call from one of his Crusade friends in Oklahoma City.

“Harvey, I don’t know what you’re going to say about this, but I met a very unusual man yesterday. He said that God showed him in a vision to go to Wray, Colorado. Now, he didn’t even know if there was such a place. I told him about you, and he wants to come.”

Harvey asked the man’s name. It was Robert Thom. This happened the day after Harvey had prayed!

Robert Thom was a mighty prophet and had prophesied about the PTL Club and 700 Club coming into being. He prophesied satellite systems and other things like that as well.

My nephew called and asked me if I would pick up Robert at the airport. How could I refuse?

I had never seen Robert Thom, but when he came off the airplane, I knew who he was and he knew who I was. As he walked toward me, I saw in the spirit the word “Obedience” written across his forehead.

I know obedience is the secret to a spirit-filled life. My father taught me obedience. If he said something once and I didn’t do it, I was in trouble. You didn’t get a second chance. We need to have that same obedience to the Father God. When He speaks, we should say, “Yes Sir!” and do what He says without arguing or thinking about it, regardless of the circumstances. Obedience always releases the power of God.

Robert Thom had a big influence in my life. As we flew to eastern Colorado, he prophesied over me, and when he laid hands on me, it was the strongest force of power I had ever felt in my life. The words that he told me are now coming to pass in my life—ten years later.

When a man of God prophesies to you, he looks into the spiritual realm. He may not know the exact timing on what he has prophesied, but just hold it in your heart. It might take years, but the prophecy will come to pass.

I brought Robert to Greeley, and he ministered in my home church. Powerful things happened. One young man who attended that night got saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Now he and his wife are missionaries to Kenya, East Africa. You will rarely know the importance of one meeting or the events that will come from it. It's so exciting to go out and minister for Jesus!

The next night we had a meeting at the Holiday Inn. It was World Series time, and Robert Thom was interested in the games. While he was ministering, the Spirit of God would tell him what the score was. He would interrupt his message to say, "Reggie Jackson just knocked a home run," and, "Reggie Jackson just knocked another home run." He would pass it on to us and go right on with his message without slowing down. It was so unusual.

At the end of the service, after he had prayed for the sick and miracles had happened, Robert asked me to lead a song in closing. As I did, I saw an open vision. I saw hundreds and hundreds of people with hands raised, praising God.

"Oh God, what is that?" I asked.

The words came, "I want you to start a Bible study."

The song ended, and I boldly stepped out in faith. "I'm going to start a Bible study next Thursday night. Does anybody want to volunteer their home?"

A man by the name of Frank Case volunteered his home.

The following Thursday night we began with 12 people. I remember taking a young man with me whom I'd led into the baptism and I said, "This Bible study

will probably turn out to be the largest meeting in Greeley.”

God really put his anointing and blessing upon the study, and in three months we had 127 people crowded into that home. We then rented a beautiful room on the university campus, and the attendance grew and grew.

We saw many beautiful things happen. I remember one particular study. God showed me in the afternoon what I should do that evening.

“We’re going to have deliverance here tonight. I want everyone to stand, and I want you to ask the Lord what He wants to deliver you from.” I then had the people pray, “Lord Jesus, set me free.”

I continued, “I’m going to blow into the microphone, and the Lord Jesus is going to deliver you all.”

I took a deep breath and blew hard. Everyone in the room fell under the power of the Holy Spirit. Chairs flew everywhere. The man playing the piano fell off the bench. I hit the deck, also. Did we ever have a prayer and praise time after that! We marched all around that place.

Before this time my wife Bonnie wouldn’t come to these meetings because of the “wild” things happening and so I went by myself. One night she was present and got in on a miracle. We owed the government \$1,206 for taxes and had already sent in a check with no funds to cover it. We had only done that one other time in our lives, and I knew the Lord was going to meet our need! I just knew it! That night at the Bible study, one of the men stood up and said, “I should have done this last week, but I’m not going to miss it tonight. We’ve never taken up an offering for Dave. Tonight we are going to. The Lord also told me to match everything you give.”

This was the miracle we needed! The offering was counted and reported...\$600. My friend gave the matching \$600. My wife and I were so excited—\$1,200 had come in! We then shared with everyone about our taxes. They had been a part of a miracle. Another man came running up and said, “I’m going to meet this exactly.” He gave us the last \$6.

The Lord was moving on me more and more, building my faith, showing me



that He would take care of me.

I was helping a friend remodel the basement of a house, and the Lord began to speak to me as I was down on my hands and knees painting around the bathroom stool. I ripped off some toilet paper, got a carpenter's pencil and wrote down what God was saying to me. It was ten steps on how He was going to put me into full-time ministry, working totally for Him. I went home and told my wife, "This is my last job in the so-called 'world.' I'm going to go full time into the Faith Ministries that God has called me to."

I went ahead and moved forth on what God was telling me to do. I finished that job and began to move out daily in miraculous ways. I would pray,

"Lord, where do you want me to go today? Do you want me to stay home and study, or do you want me to go out?"

The Lord would tell me to study one day and go out the next. I would tell my wife, "I will see you at the end of the day." I'd go pray for people and businessmen. Many would hand me checks. The Lord gave me more money that first week than I had made in a month. That was to show me that He would provide for me. Remember—ministry releases finances.

One day as I was going down the road, a friend of mine, whom I had prayed with previously, flagged me down. He had passed me on the road and his four-year-old boy saw me and said, "Dad, you need to give Dave some money." So my friend turned around and chased me with lights flashing until I stopped.

He exclaimed, "My son told me to give you some money!"

That is the way God met my need over and over again. I would come home and exclaim that this was the most exciting day in my life. God was proving to me that He could take care of me.

## **Chapter 9: The Yellow Cadillac**

God had been speaking to my wife's heart for some time that at some point in our lives we would go to Christ for the Nations Institute (CFNI) in Dallas, Texas. That put fear in her heart because she thought we would have to sell everything and go off into the unknown.

A hippy had come to our home years before and was the first to tell us about the school. Then our daughter Tamara decided to attend CFNI after graduating from high school. While at school, Tamara sent Bonnie the book, *My Diary Secrets*, by Freda Lindsay, the president of the school. In reading that book, God showed her that we could go as a family to CFNI that next summer. God had so changed her heart that instead of being fearful about the prospect of going, she was excited.

God was working in my life, also. He was freeing me from my farming responsibilities, and it became possible for us to attend CFNI and join our daughter in Dallas for a summer session.

A man heard about our plans and gave us all the money we needed for tuition and rent. What a blessing!

At that time we were driving around in an old beat-up car and, we really didn't think it would make it to Dallas. One day I was praying and God flashed by me, in the spirit, a picture of a car. I exclaimed, "God, what was that?"

I know He was smiling as He said, "That's your new car."

I ran in and told my wife and daughters. "We're going to get a new car."

Two weeks later some friends of ours called and said that God had put in their hearts the desire to buy us a new car. They wanted to know if I could meet them for coffee that day. I wasted no time in getting there. We ended up in Fort Collins, Colorado, and went into a dealership that sold Oldsmobiles, Subarus, and Cadillacs. I didn't know what I was going to end up with but a Subaru would have been super.

We went into the boss's office, and one of the friends said, "We're here to buy this man a new car because he's in the ministry."

The owner said, "What kind of car are you going to buy him?"

I'll never forget seeing my friend lean across the desk and announce, "The best!"

"Yeah, the best," I repeated.

The car dealer said, "If you're going to give like that, I'll give too. You can have any car I have on the lot at cost!"

Praise God, we went out and picked out a new yellow Cadillac—the best car I had ever driven in all my life.

I hurried home to share the good news with my wife and children. My wife could see I was excited. She fearfully asked, "What kind of car are they going to buy us?"

"A brand new yellow Cadillac! Isn't that wonderful?"

She and our daughter Tamara began to cry.

I thought it was for joy, but they said, “Oh no! We’re not going to ride in a car like that. We can’t ride in a Cadillac. What will people think?”

After several days of talking about this, my wife said, “The only way I’ll agree to accept that car is if you’ll go and ask our pastor what he thinks.”

I agreed to talk to our pastor and made an appointment with him. “I’ve got a problem,” I explained “Some Christian brothers want to give our family a new Cadillac, but my wife and oldest daughter are upset. They don’t want to accept the new car. What would you do?”

He got a little smile on his face and wisely said, “You go home and tell you wife, if she doesn’t want it. I’ll take it!”

I was excited all over again. I ran home and told my wife what our pastor had said. She received peace from that. God showed her she had been in pride and was not to be concerned about what people thought.

We drove to CFNI in style. We arrived in Dallas, unloaded the car, and I went to the car wash. I wanted to keep my new car clean! I drove into the car wash and there was a black man next to me washing his car. The Lord began to talk to me. “You witness to that man.” I did what I was told.

I looked at the man and said, “That’s sure a nice car you have.”

He smiled and replied, “You have a nice car, too!”

I said, “Yes, it was given to me as a gift from Jesus. He used two men to give it to me.”

He looked at me with disbelief on his face and asked me more questions. I led that man to Jesus.

“There’s more!” I told him. I then explained the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He received and began speaking in tongues. “There’s more yet. The Lord showed me you have back problems.”

I had him sit on the trunk of my car. I prayed for him and God healed his back! “I know this is real,” he exclaimed as he jumped off the back of my car. “I had a fight with my wife, and I was gonna run out and find another chick to spend the day with. I know this is real because I 'm going home and ask my wife to forgive me. I'm gonna make up with my wife.”

That was so beautiful! Years later, I was visiting Dallas and driving down a six-lane freeway. I looked over next to me, and there was that man I had led to the Lord in the car wash. He didn't see me, but seeing him reminded me of God's goodness.

## **Chapter 10: Bible School Miracles**

It was at Christ for the Nations Institute that the Lord spoke to me, "It's not going to be what you learn here that is the most important. It is going to be the people you'll meet." God showed my wife that she was there for a change of mind.

We went to CFNI the summer of 1978. In the spring I told Bonnie that I thought the Lord was warning us to enlarge our Thursday evening Bible study to a full-time ministry.

Her response was, "What? Do you mean that we would meet on Sunday?" When I replied affirmatively she demanded, "Who would be the pastor?" I knew in my heart that it was I, but I said, "We will just wait and see." She added, "That is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard in my life. Don't ever mention it to me again." Believe me, I didn't.

I went out behind the barn and said, "Lord, You made this woman. You're going to have to change her mind."

And that is what God did for Bonnie at CFNI. He changed her. He showed her that there was a whole world waiting to be reached, and that He wanted to use anyone who was available, even her farmer-husband who didn't have seminary training.

Another miracle had happened before we went to school. I had been leading this weekly Bible study, and I didn't know what to do about it while I was gone. Should I shut it down, or should I let someone else take it over? It was a problem to me. I was praying about it one night with some men and the next morning, one of these men called me and said, "I have the answer. I know exactly what we're going to do."

I said, "You do?"

"Yes, I have a check made out already. We're going down to the travel agency, and I'm going to buy you round-trip tickets from Dallas to Denver for every Thursday you are gone. I don't know if this will work with your schedule,

but this is the plan. You can get on a plane after classes. I will pick you up in Denver and take you to Greeley. You can teach the Bible study, and I'll take you back to Denver after it is finished. You'll get back late at night, but you won't miss any classes!"

And that is what happened. I flew home every Thursday during that summer, and my friends would pick me up at the airport. I'd go home, get the mail, pick our garden and fill my empty suitcase with sweet corn, cucumbers, kohlrabi, and tomatoes. I would go to a Mexican restaurant with my friends and then to the Bible study. Then we'd drive the 50 miles to Denver and I'd catch the 11:30 P.M. flight back to Dallas. I'd get back into my apartment at about 3:45 A.M. on Friday morning and wouldn't miss a single class! That is the way the Lord worked it out for me. It was absolutely beautiful!

## **Chapter 11: Brother Thomas**

One of the first men I met at school was a little black man by the name of Thomas Remi from Kenya, East Africa. He came out of chapel the first day I was there and ran to the parking lot where I was standing by my new car. He had a big smile on his face. "Oi, oi, oi, what a nice car you have!" he said.

"Oh, Brother, it is a nice car," I smiled back, "God gave it to me through some other brothers, and I'm so excited about it. Get in and I'll show it to you."

Thomas and I became close friends immediately. About three days later Thomas came over to our apartment and said, "You know. Brother Dave, when I was in Kenya, some men gathered around me and prophesied over me. They told me that I was going to meet a blonde-haired, blue-eyed white man in the United States and that he would be my closest friend. I've been praying about it, and that man is you!"

We got all excited and began praying in tongues together.

"Brother Thomas," I shouted, "you have the same prayer language I do! You're praying in the same tongue!"

Sure enough, we had the same prayer language. God knew that at this time in our lives we would be joined together in the Spirit and so He gave us identical prayer languages. We found out a short time later that we also had the same birthday!

Brother Thomas, as we affectionately called him, began to tell how he had come to CFNI. While in Kenya he had begun to feel dissatisfied with his life and began to call upon God. He didn't know who God was and didn't know about salvation through Jesus Christ. He thought that someday he would train to be a priest.

While in the jungle, he saw a vision of Jesus hanging on a cross. It was the worst sight he had ever seen! Never in his life had he witnessed a man beaten up so badly. Thomas began to weep and cry loudly. A booming voice called out behind him three times, "Thomas, no one has seen Jesus and remained the same. No one has seen Jesus and remained the same. No one has seen Jesus and



remained the same.”

Thomas fell to his knees and Jesus Christ came into his life. He was filled with excitement and hurried back to his room at home to continue praying. A short time later, his mother came to the door and called out, "Thomas, what's the matter with you?"

“Nothing is wrong with me," he called back.

"Oh my! My Thomas has malaria! He has malaria! He can't even talk straight. I must get him to the hospital!"

Thomas did not know it, but he was speaking in tongues, unable to speak in Swahili. When he finally realized what was going on, he kept his mouth shut.

Thomas prayed for years to be able to attend Christ for the Nations Institute in Dallas. He helped other people attend, and finally the Lord said this was the year he could go. Perfect timing! And so God brought us together.

Brother Thomas was a key man in my life. We had known each other a short while when he stated, “Brother Dave, you’re going to come to Kenya, East Africa, and hold crusades and meetings. I'm going to set them up for you.”

When he told me this, it was very exciting to me because this had been a dream in my life. I had heard of T.L. Osborn and had read his book

*Healing the Sick*. What vision he caused to come into my life! I knew that Psalm 2:8 was going to be fulfilled in my life, “Ask of Me, and I will give you the heathen for your inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for your possession.”

"Thomas, that would be wonderful! I'd love to come to Kenya some day."

One day the Lord told me that I should buy Brother Thomas a plane ticket to go to his home in Kenya. I went to the travel agency and bought him a ticket. That very night Brother Thomas called me from Dallas and said his wife had called from Kenya. They had been expecting a baby, but she had miscarried and was now having some problems. She wanted Thomas to come home.

“What should I do?” Thomas asked me.

“Well, brother, the Lord told me to go down and buy you a ticket today. It's paid for and all you have to do is pick it up at the Dallas- Ft Worth Airport,” I said.

Thomas went home for 60 days. When he returned, he called me and said, “Dave, I have all the crusades set up for you to come and preach in Kenya in February.”

## **Chapter 12: Every Church Needs a Pastor**

At CFNI a different main speaker would come each week. I made it a policy to invite them for lunch. I desired to receive nuggets of wisdom from their lives—secrets of God at work in them.

One speaker. Pastor Jerry Cook, from Gresham, Oregon, had lunch with us, and I told him about the ministry back home in Greeley.

“What should I do? Should I go home and start a full-time ministry or just continue on the way it's going now as a weekly Bible study?”

Jerry gave me a golden nugget, "Most Christians assume they're in a red light looking for a green light. Dave, assume you're in a green light looking for a red light.”

I received that counsel. “I’m in a green light! I’m in green!”

Jerry continued, “You can go home and start your full-time ministry now and be three years ahead of schedule, or you can wait three years and be three years behind.”

I got the point. “I’m going to go home and start the ministry.”

Two thirds of God’s name is “Go” and if you turn it around, two thirds of God's name is “Do.” The gospel is go and do, go and do it! One of the keys in my life has been to go and do the Gospel, to do the work of the ministry.

One night when I had flown back to Greeley, the Holy Spirit talked to Bonnie. He showed her that God could use a man like me who was willing and obedient to go into the ministry. I came back, and I had a different wife. She was in favor of what God had told me to do. God placed us in harmony. I rejoiced about that! God had answered my prayer.

One Thursday night I brought Brother Thomas back with me to the Greeley Bible Study. Halfway between Dallas and Denver, the Lord showed him a vision.

“Brother, I just had a vision of your ministry. It's like a giant tree and this tree is going to grow up. Its branches are going to spread around the world and little seeds are going to fall off. Many, many ministries are going to begin out of this tree.”

The Lord showed him that vision three different times. We knew that some of the vision would one day be fulfilled in Kenya.

After the summer was over, I knew in my spirit that it was time to return to Greeley and expand the study to a full-time fellowship. I met with the elders of our denominational church and told them my plans. I shared with them what God had told me. Some were in agreement with me and some were not. Some were like my fathers in the Lord and they said, “Who are we to question what God is doing in your life? Go ahead and do it.”

I announced to our Bible study group that we would begin to have Sunday services in our home. We called the fellowship Faith Ministries Fellowship. My wife wondered if anyone would show up. Sixty people came that first Sunday. We were excited!

We received an offering and used it to send one of our young men to Mexico to help build a church. And so Faith Ministries

Fellowship sent out its first missionary. I wanted our church to be a base for missions outreach.

I remembered at that moment what the Lord had spoken to me, "Build a strong home base and reach the world for Jesus."

The next day Lloyd Rens, a close friend of mine, had to go over to Foundation Hall, an old theater converted to a music building, on the campus of the University of Northern Colorado. As he looked at that building, the Lord spoke to him that this would be a good place for Faith Ministries Fellowship to meet. He called me to come and check it out. On a huge stage were two grand pianos, a sound system—the whole works. The building would seat about 700 people. We rented that building every Sunday morning for \$110 a week.

God did some miraculous things. A friend told us, "You need to have Sandy Brown in to minister. She is from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and will really bless you." Sandy came with "Shekinah Glory," a special singing group, and we had a marvelous time.

One night as Sandy was ministering, she came over and looked me right in the eye. "A pastor's heart, a pastor's heart," she prophesied. "The Lord has given you a pastor's heart. The Lord is making you a pastor."

Before that time I was a teacher of the Word operating as an evangelist. Now God had placed in me a pastor's heart. I've always loved people, but this was something supernatural. People began to recognize the call of God on my life, and things began to happen.

## **Chapter 13: A Miracle in Houston**

There was to be a Thanksgiving conference in Houston, Texas, at John Osteen's church. Some of us drove down there in a camper. We stopped in Dallas to pick up Brother Thomas, David Beaulieu, and our daughter, Tamara.

Others from our fellowship flew down and met us in Houston. During one service Dodie Osteen gave a message in a strange tongue. It sounded fake. Thomas was sitting next to me and excitedly whispered that he could understand every word of it. Dodie was speaking the Samburu language of a tribe in northern Kenya. Thomas wrote down what he heard Dodie say, and when Pastor Osteen got up and gave the interpretation, it was exactly what Thomas had written down. Later, we shared this with the Osteens, and it was a real blessing to them.

During that meeting John Osteen raised money for his new building. The Lord told me to stand up and pledge \$1,000. I didn't have it then but was told I could pay it over six months. God said to reach out and help somebody else build their church building and He would help me.

Right after that service one of the men from Greeley, Dale Steinbecker, came to me and said that he and his brother would like to talk to me. The brothers. Dale and Larry, and I went out to a Denny's Restaurant. As we were talking Dale said, "Well, I believe that God spoke to me. I wasn't led to pledge anything to Osteen, but I'm to help you out in your ministry. From our business we're going to pledge a certain amount of money. We don't know how long it will take to pay this pledge. It might take one year, two years, or ten years, but we will pay you."

They pledged \$100,000! I about fell out of my chair! These young men paid off that pledge in two years, which is a miraculous story in itself. What a faith builder that was to me—a man just beginning in the ministry!

## **Chapter 14: A Church Home**

Another man whom we met at CFNI and had a powerful influence on us was Wayne Myers, a veteran missionary to Mexico and the world. My wife and I spent three hours with this special man. His message was and is to this day, “Live to Give.” He’s one of the most wonderful, powerful men I have ever met in my life.

Our lives were changed during those three hours. We had always believed in giving and had been faithful givers all of our lives. Wayne taught us how to give beyond our tithes and how to trust God.

I never thought he would remember me, but one day he called me. “Brother Dave, I’d like to come up and help you in your new fellowship.”

Wayne came to Greeley and ministered on a Sunday morning. God has really blessed him and anointed him to raise finances. When he came to our church he said to me, “I believe God wants me to raise some finances for your new building.”

And he did. When the offering was up to \$114,000, a man stood up and matched it. That was an amazing beginning!

The next day Wayne and I went out to look for a building. We found a beautiful warehouse. It had been an auction building for antique cars, and now the building was sitting empty. Wayne and I looked through the window.

“Brother, this is it! This is it! Don’t look any further. You don’t have time to build. This is the perfect building for you!” Wayne said.

Later on we went inside the building. It was perfect. It was all set up with an office area, a kitchen, large meeting rooms, and a total of 24,000 square feet. There was a sound system and public restrooms. I couldn’t contain my excitement.

We located the owner of the building and made him an offer on a lease-purchase agreement. It was a \$475,000 building, and I offered him \$1,000 down, \$4,000 in a month, and \$70,000 in a year. Those were steps of faith for me. I had

to believe God for all of it I didn't even have the first thousand at closing time, but another brother came through with it. God provided the finances as they were needed. In May of 1979 we held our first service in our new building.

Faith Ministries Fellowship was growing. The option was coming up on March 1 as to whether we were going to move forward with the contract on our building. We had very little money in the bank. I can remember the Lord saying as I was studying that week that I wouldn't be preaching on Sunday.

When Sunday came along, I just got up and told the people that I didn't have anything to preach. I read some scripture, and I sat down. Finally, a man came up and told how the ministry had been such a tremendous blessing to him.

A second man got up—one of the brothers who pledged the money the year before. He said God woke him up early that morning and told him that he was going to give the rest of the pledge money. His reply to God was, "No, I'm not interested right now." God's reply was, "Yes, you are." He agreed with God and drove to his brother's house and got him up.

The brothers handed me a check in the service that morning and asked me not to cash it until Tuesday. Tuesday was March 1, and the check was for \$50,000.

Another man got up and raised a pledge that he had given before from \$114,000 to \$177,000. Other money came in, and we were able to exercise the option on the building. Our people were so beautiful to rise up and respond to every situation and to every need.



## **Chapter 15: The Kenya Miracle**

February and the scheduled crusades in Kenya were approaching very quickly. Brother Thomas, now back in Kenya, asked me if I would buy the food for all the pastors he was going to invite to the morning seminars. The crusade meetings would be in the afternoon.

I thought to myself, "I can buy food for 100 pastors. That's no problem." I told Thomas I would buy the food.

Some of the people from our fellowship wanted to go with us— 17 in all going to Kenya on our first major campaign. We had never done this before. We were raising money for Bonnie and me to go, and then I was raising money for the food. I was trusting God to supply. The first telegram came from Thomas, "I have 500 pastors coming." Man, I nearly passed out! I could hardly believe that 500 would come. The next telegram said 1,600 were coming, then 2,100. By then I didn't want to receive any more telegrams! It was blowing my faith.

God, in a supernatural way, began to raise the finances. In local meetings the Lord would have me stop and ask people to give toward Africa. I challenged them to teach out.

We arrived in Kenya on a beautiful Sunday morning. I remember flying in over Lake Victoria, and as we were beginning our descent, the devil began to speak to me, "What are you doing here? They're expecting a world evangelist and you're coming. You haven't spoken to anybody in this kind of setting before."

I began to agree with him and all the things that he was saying. Then, out of my spirit, words began to come, "Greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world. I can do all things through Christ Who strengthens me." I began to quote the Word, and faith rose up in my heart. I said to myself, "Well, they're expecting a world evangelist and they'll get one! I'll just bluff my way through. I'll act like a world evangelist."

As we landed, I looked out the window and there was a uniformed band assembled and newspeople, and I thought, "Thomas has really done this thing up big. I can hardly believe it!"

As we walked off the plane, I expected to be greeted royally. We found out a few minutes later that the President of Kenya was coming in on a plane behind us, and the band and newsmen were there to welcome him.

We received as royal a welcome as the President. After we picked up our luggage, Thomas and 30 pastors were waiting to greet us and take us to a beautiful Nairobi hotel for the night.

It is so important to be obedient to the Spirit of God! When I was at Christ for the Nations Institute at Tamara's graduation, the Lord spoke to me and said, "Give your watch to that man."

I had a nice watch and replied, "Lord, I don't want to give away my watch. That man probably has one."

About that time we were all singing praise choruses and the man raised his hands. His graduation robe slipped up on his arm which was as clean as bare ground. "OK, Lord, you win."

I took my watch off, and as the man came marching down the aisle, I put my watch in his hand and said, "God bless you." He thanked me and went on.

That was the first of many watches the Lord was to have me give away. The Lord in return would have people give me watches. At this time, I've given away 37 watches. It's been so special to see the Lord provide watches over and over again.

When I gave the first watch away I told Father God that someday I desired a Rolex in return. Last year I saw His faithfulness in giving me two Rolex watches in one meeting. One of the watches, by the leading of the Holy Spirit, was auctioned off and the money was put into missions. I told the woman who gave the second Rolex that she had better check with her husband to see if it was all right with him, and I never heard back from her. But I saw God's goodness. The Holy Spirit said to me that night, "I can get you a Rolex any time you think you need it."

Well, I was in Chicago at the church Van Gale leads a few months ago, and I

was telling this watch story. I said, "It really doesn't matter to me if I ever receive a Rolex." At the end of the service Van handed me a beautiful Rolex that a brother gave him for me. Praise the Lord!

About two months before I went to Kenya, someone gave me a very nice watch and the Lord said, "You're going to give this to a government official in Kenya."

I said, "Oh, great!" I told my wife about it, and she was a little dubious about my even meeting a government official.

After checking into the hotel in Nairobi, I went outside by the swimming pool where there were little grass huts to provide shade from the hot sun. I smiled at a black man walking by, and he smiled at me. We began to talk to each other, and as we talked, the Lord began to share in my heart that something exciting was about to happen. The man asked me to come and meet his friends.

We walked over to a couple of men in business suits. The Lord spoke to me and pointed out a certain man and said, "Give your watch to him. He is the man I told you about."

Before I found out who he was, I took off my watch in obedience. "God told me two months ago, when somebody gave me this watch, that I was supposed to give it to a man in the government in Kenya. You're that man."

The other man with him got very excited and asked, "Do you know who this man is?"

"No, I just got here. We just flew in from the United States," I replied.

"This man is a very important man in the government. He's one of the 17 members in the Parliament. He is the Assistant Minister of all of Education and Broadcasting in Kenya."

In my spirit I said, "Bingo!" I knew that I'd gotten the right man.

The man to whom I had given the watch asked what I was doing in Kenya. I told him that I was going to Meru to begin a large pastors' conference and

crusade. I wondered if he had ever heard of that town.

“That's my home town,” he exclaimed as he scratched his head a little bit. “I'm going up there tomorrow to prepare myself because I'm the man chosen from the government to welcome you to Kenya at your opening meeting.”

What a wonderful miracle! Over a million people in Nairobi, and God had me go exactly to the right man! When we got up to Meru and the meetings started, there was the government man to whom I had given my watch. That watch gave me great favor with the people and with the government.

It pays to be obedient. God had me giving away watches months in advance to prepare me for this one tremendous event.

It was a beautiful morning as we drove up to Meru and to the place where one of the main church buildings was. We were going to meet the pastors. As we drove along I looked out, and on every tree was tied a poster with my picture on it and an announcement of the crusade. I thought, “Father, You really have a sense of humor.” We got out of the car to be welcomed by 2,200 pastors from 13 denominations. They were lined up on both sides of the pathway, many of them waving the posters with my picture, smiling and singing to beating drums. Our team walked down the pathway, waving to all those people. These men thought a world evangelist had come and they were right, praise God. God had sent me here!

We taught the pastors each morning during that week. That first afternoon, from a large platform, or “flatform” as the Africans called it, out in an open cow pasture, I preached to many hundreds of people as they stood or sat on the ground in the hot afternoon sun.

The first day around a thousand people came forward to be born again. Their names and addresses were written down so that Thomas could start them on a Bible correspondence course. I had the people all sit down after I led them to Jesus and then told them about Jesus the Healer.

“I'm going to pray for healing now, and we're going to believe that God is going to heal you. All you have to do is believe.”

We prayed. "Everybody who wants healing, stand up and you will be healed."

People stood up everywhere, and they were healed. We saw blind eyes open and cripples walk. In fact, I have a little crutch in my office from a small girl who was healed that day. The mother gave it to me and explained her daughter wouldn't be needing it any more.

I remember going back to the motel that evening and saying, "Oh Father God, I've seen about every miracle that you've talked about in the Bible. The only thing I haven't seen is someone raised from the dead."

The Spirit of God whispered to my heart, "You did see the dead rise. You saw close to a thousand people raised from the dead. They were dead in their sins, and now they've come alive in Jesus." Oh, I was excited about that!

The second day in the morning Pastor's meeting, the Lord had me talk about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I ministered to them about Jesus the Baptizer. About 1,500 pastors were baptized in the Holy Spirit and began to speak in tongues. We had to pound on the drums to get them to stop.

In one of the morning meetings, my wife and I decided to teach together on the family. I told Brother Thomas that my wife and I were going to minister together.

"Oh, no, Dave. You can do just fine by yourself." Women did not seem to be recognized in their Christian circles.

"But God told us to do this together, Thomas."

"Then get down on your knees and ask God to change His mind," he said.

My wife and I got up and ministered, and a powerful anointing was present. More than three fourths of the pastors' homes were out of order. They prayed and cried and asked God to help them bring His order into their homes. It was a powerful day!

Toward the end of the week, Thomas took me aside, "Brother Dave, I hope you brought lots of money."

“Why do you say that, Thomas?”

“Well, all of these pastors are expecting you to pay their transportation.”

I almost passed out! “What do you mean? It took most of my faith to raise enough money to buy your food.”

“Well, that’s what other evangelists do when they come.” Thomas hadn't told me that before.

"Thomas," I replied boldly, "I'm going to change our message. We're going to teach these pastors how to live to give, or they won't be going home."

We started receiving offerings and didn't tell them that we were going to use the money toward paying their transportation home.

It was the last day, and we told the head committee we were leaving at 6:00 A.M. the next morning. We had taught them the principles of the Word, and they were going to have to apply those things they had learned. We gave them all that had come in the offerings, but they were still short on transportation funds.

After we left Thomas took control and brought up all the pastors who had come the longest distance. He began to raise more money from the remaining pastors. They would get enough money to send one carload of pastors home. Then they would raise enough to send out another group, and another. Finally, the remaining pastors agreed to hitch-hike home.

Churches were raised up out of these meetings. Many other mighty things happened. God was showing us the beginning of travels to over 43 nations, preaching the good news, and holding pastors' crusades and seminars.

## **Chapter 16: More Miracles in Kenya**

I remember my first big crusade in Kenya, East Africa. At the end of our crusade, our group of 17 went out to the Somburu Game Reserve and stayed at a place called Buffalo Springs Lodge. It was a gorgeous place with a large open lounge area overlooking a river where many elephants, giraffes, and wild animals of all kinds would come. We slept in plush tents, and for three meals a day and lodging paid \$33 each. It was just like a paradise. The food was wonderful, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

As we were eating dinner one evening, the maitre'd came by the table and asked what we were doing in Kenya. We told him that we had just been in Meru and had held a crusade there. We told him how we had seen the blind eyes opened and cripples walk again, with many other tremendous miracles, and how many thousands of people had accepted Jesus.

After a while he came back and asked if we would like to meet with him later on that evening and talk with the entire hotel staff. At about 9:30 P.M. when the staff had finished their work, we met behind the lodge where they lived. Under a little light bulb we told them about Jesus. Some shared testimonies, and we all sang for them.

I then asked if anybody wanted to accept Jesus.

The spokesman, a Moslem, said, "Do you mean you want us to stop being Moslem and change our religion?"

"No, we're talking about a personal relationship with Jesus Christ." I answered.

Then the Spirit of God whispered in my spirit, "It's a good time for miracles!"

I asked, "Is anybody sick in this place? We'll just sit you under this light bulb on a chair, and we'll pray, and Jesus will heal you."

The first man sat down and Jesus healed him. He got all excited and was speaking in his own language to everybody. Before I knew it, they had all lined

up behind the chair.

The Lord Jesus healed everyone of them—some from alcohol addiction, others from back problems, and many others from various things. It was just marvelous!

Then I asked, “Now, how many of you here want to accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior?”

Every one of them raised their hands to receive Him. You could see the joy of the Lord come into their faces and into their minds.

We have a living gospel! Jesus Christ truly is alive, and He will verify His Word. He will back up His Word to perform it.

A few years later at another crusade in Kenya, we went to the city of Mouwa where Brother Thomas Remi had his church. We went to a stadium in the city on Sunday afternoon. It was gorgeous! Beautiful trees and flowers surrounded the stadium, and a government official was there to welcome us. There was a young girls’ youth choir singing, making the whole setting absolutely beautiful.

Just as Jesus said in the Word that He could feel the power of the Holy Spirit present to heal, I could feel that same power. I asked those that were blind to raise their hands, and two men sitting in the front row responded. I boldly spoke out that they were going to be healed that day. Jesus was going to open their eyes.

After a strong, anointed message, I asked all those who wanted to be healed to stand up, and I prayed for them.

The first two to come across the stage to give their testimonies were those two blind men! They could see! That day there were many, many hundreds of miracles of every kind. I don’t know how many were saved that day, but all the glory goes to Jesus! Thomas told me later that for six days after the meeting, people were being healed as they walked down the road in front of the stadium.

We traveled on down to a church in Embu that day for another meeting and



got there rather late because of car problems. I wish you could see the roads and the cars in Kenya. You would know why it took us so long to get a short distance. We arrived and I gave a short message. I then prayed for the sick and with those who wanted to be saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit

The next day we were getting ready to head for Nairobi when the chairman of the East African Pentecostal Churches came and told us a story. He said that a mother had attended the meeting the night before with her son, who had been blind from birth. I hadn't laid hands on them, but as they were walking home, after the meeting, the boy's blind eyes opened and he was healed! Later, as the chairman was walking past the boy's house, he saw a large crowd of people. He couldn't figure out what was going on. He stopped and asked them what the problem was and they said, "You have to come and see!" It took him many minutes to get into the home because of the people, but when he did get in he witnessed a mighty miracle! Jesus had caused blind eyes to see!

## **Chapter 17: Missions**

God put a desire in my heart to raise up and train people from our own body to go to many foreign lands as missionaries. We had to have a program in our fellowship to do this. God gave me Faith Partners for Missions, a program whereby we could facilitate our own missionaries. We continue to learn how to do this.

Our first missionaries were Barry and Judy Brannberg. God called them in a supernatural way to Sweden. We allowed our people to designate their missions funds to Barry and Judy. They also went out and raised finances in other places. We sent them off to Sweden, where they did a tremendous job in five years' time.

Each missionary finds a coordinator here in our home church who takes care of his finances and bank account, updates his mailing list, and gets his newsletter printed and mailed. We give them access to our computers for their mailing lists.

We desire to increase our help to our missionaries, or Ambassadors, as we call them. I strongly believe that every missionary needs a good home church where they can have the assurance that the body at home is taking care of them and praying for them.

As other missionaries are raised up, it's exciting to see this all come to pass. My associate pastor, David Beaulieu, went with me to Nigeria, Kenya, and a few other places. We had some tremendous times together. He went down to Guatemala and Costa Rica to assess the missions groups there. When he returned, he had a silly grin on his face as he said, 'The Father has called me to Costa Rica.'

I believed that my staff was going to be with me until Jesus came back, but God had other plans. I knew in my heart that this was right—that it was an expansion of the vision that God had given to us.

It was very difficult to release David and Jackie, but we did. Praise God, we didn't separate. We were still very closely hooked together, and they were a big arm of our ministry down in Costa Rica. David was the administrator for Cristo Al Mundo, a tremendous Bible School which has trained hundreds of students in

its three-year history.

In the past year David and Jackie and their family have returned to Greeley to help us in the local work.

Pam Leiker, a beautiful young lady went with us on that first trip to Kenya. She was a nurse and was believing God for the right husband. She knew when he came they would be missionaries together. God sent along Marty Franks, an outstanding, wise young man, and they were married. God called them to Guatemala where they have been a great help to Jim Zirkle and Living Waters Teaching.

Then we have the Frantz family who came to our fellowship. God called them to France. All together, we have 14 families from our fellowship ministering in the uttermost parts of the world. Many others go out for short-term work and then come back. We thank God for every one of them. It's fulfilling to watch the vision God has given us come to pass, watching these branches reach out to touch many nations.

Our people at Faith Ministries Fellowship in Greeley, Colorado, have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to get the good news out to the world. Here are a few giving nuggets that will help you exchange the temporal for the eternal:

- √ You can only keep what you give away.
- √ If you can't give your money, how can you give your life?
- √ When you sow a seed, it never leaves your life, it simply enters your future where it multiplies.

## **Chapter 18: A Changed Family**

When you lead someone to Jesus Christ, it's like throwing a stone into a lake. The ripples increase, and you never know where they are going to end up. One ripple leads to another ripple and to another.

This is the case in the Steinbecker family. Years ago when we were in the cattle business, Ed Steinbecker was telling my dad that he had a daughter, Diane Slemons, who was in an auto accident about ten years before and received a terrible whiplash. In the cattle business, you can look in the eyes of cattle and see if they're sick. Ed told my father that he could see death in Diane's eyes.

Dad said, "Well, I have a son who prays for people and they get healed. Why don't you take your daughter to see him."

Ed said that he would talk to her. Since they were from a Catholic church, it took them quite a while before they got up enough nerve to come.

Later on when I talked to Diane and her husband, Larry, they told me about their preconceived ideas. They pictured me as an old guy in a white robe, living in an old poverty-stricken place.

The Slemons family came to our place for the first time on a Sunday afternoon. They brought their young son and daughter. As their daughter walked in the door she looked around and asked, "Where's Jesus?" With that kind of faith, I knew Jesus would reveal Himself to them.

First, we prayed for Larry who had arthritis in his hands. He was a young man and a carpenter by trade. The Lord healed him and lengthened his leg. That was the first time they had ever seen a miracle.

We then prayed with Diane. Her leg lengthened and she felt relief in her neck right away. Their little boy had asthma, and the Lord Jesus miraculously healed him.

The story goes on and on with miracles God gave to that family.

One Sunday, a few weeks later, Larry and Diane came to me and said, “We want you to meet some of the other family members.” Two of Diane’s brothers, Dale and Larry Steinbecker, were in the trucking business in town. The family met together to have me minister to them.

Larry didn’t really want to come. He just came to see the kook.

I shared with them a little bit, and the Lord Jesus had me minister to Larry first. “Larry, if you saw a miracle, would you believe in Jesus?”

“Oh yes,” he replied, “If I could see a miracle, I’d believe.”

“Well, this miracle is for you.”

“There’s nothing wrong with me,” Larry countered.

“Oh, yes, there is!” I exclaimed.

Praise God for the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The gift of the word of knowledge began to work, and I said, “You have back problems. You have a pain going across your chest, and even at your young age, you’re in danger of having a heart attack. It’s from stress in your business. The Lord wants to heal you.”

Larry’s honesty has amazed me over the years. He just said, “Bingo, bingo! That was right on.” I prayed for him and the Lord lengthened his leg. He saw the miracle. He felt the pain leave his back and his chest.

Then I went around the room and prayed for the rest of the family. We all knelt in the middle of the floor and they all asked Jesus Christ to come into their lives.

The older brother, Dale, was not there. Larry was hoping that he wouldn’t come. We were in a garden-level apartment and he said, “If Dale saw us kneeling on the floor, that would put him into a panic.” I then prayed with them to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit

A relationship was born between us that day. The Steinbecker family didn’t realize right away what had happened to them, but they knew God had done

something mighty and powerful in their lives.

I met a man in Italy who made little fish hook lapel pins. His scripture was, "I will make you fishers of men." He was making them one day, and the Lord spoke to him and said, "Now remember, your job is to catch them, mine is to clean them." I've found out over the years that it's the washing of the water of the Word of God that cleans a man and changes him from the inside out. You can't change a man from the outside in.

I began to talk to Dale about Jesus. In the meantime, their trucking business had gone down from many trucks to two trucks. They owed everybody in the country, and they were really in bad shape. Refusing to take out bankruptcy, the brothers said they would work themselves out of debt.

We began to have Bible studies, and I invited them to the studies. It was the Word that began to take effect in their lives.

One day I was driving down the highway near their shop, and I felt the Holy Spirit impress me to go in. I walked up the stairs to their office and met Larry. "My father's in the hospital, and I think he is going to die. He just had a heart attack," Larry said.

"Well, let's go up there," I responded.

We got to the hospital as quickly as we could. The doctors were preparing to administer emergency treatment. We laid our hands on Ed's chest and under his back—like a supernatural shockwave treatment. We prayed for his heart and spoke healing and life into him. The Lord told me he was going to give Ed many more years of life.

Before Ed got to the emergency room, he was healed.

"You might as well wheel me back because I'm healed," Ed told the attendants. He had had previous heart attacks, and he knew the pain had left him.

When Robert Thom was in town, Larry and I asked Dale to come to lunch with him. Dale was a very conscientious man but still doubting spiritual things and decided not to have lunch with us.

At lunch, Robert Thom, the prophet from South Africa, prophesied that the brothers were soon going to have eight trucks. At that time they had four.

We went back and told Dale and later had many laughs over his responses. We'd plan to go for coffee and Dale would say with tongue in cheek, "Well, I guess I'd better stay here in case those other four trucks come in." God did send the trucks, just as the prophet prophesied to them.

The Steinbecker's business prospered. When we held our weekly Bible study on Thursday evening, the brothers would close down their shop at 4:00 P.M. and take their mechanics and others who worked for them out to dinner. They'd all come to Bible study and then sometimes go back to work after the study.

It was about this time that these brothers bought me my first new car; and since that time, they have purchased a new car for us every year. What a tremendous blessing to my family!

I'd take Larry to Full Gospel Businessmen's meetings and have him give his testimony. One day he and I led Dale to Jesus outside a restaurant. Praise God!

Their business grew to 275 of the finest on the road. "Jesus is Lord" is boldly printed on the sides of the trucks, and it's a beautiful sight to see. Larry and Dale have given their testimonies at Full Gospel Businessmen's meetings all over the state and nation. God has blessed them with an airplane, and they are gracious to fly me to meetings whenever possible.

Larry and Diane and family are strong in the Lord—they love Him with all their hearts. Glory to God!

## **Chapter 19: Full Gospel in Fort Morgan**

First of all. I'll share a very humorous story. I was invited to speak at a Full Gospel Businessmen's Meeting in Fort Morgan, Colorado. Our family had been in Nebraska with friends. They dropped me off in Fort Morgan where I'd left my car. I took my suit and shirt and got into my car to change. My wife, family, and friends drove home.

I sat there in the parking lot in my car struggling to get into my shirt. It was already dark outside and I couldn't figure out what was the matter with my shirt; it didn't seem to fit right. I looked at it in the dark—it was my brown shirt, all right. Then I felt the little pleats on the shoulders and I realized why the shirt was so tight. It was my wife's brown blouse!

There were no stores open to buy another shirt. I had no choice. I had to get into my wife's blouse. I got out of the car and worked that blouse over my head, and finally I got it on. It was very tight. There were big openings on each side. I made a big knot with my tie so you couldn't tell that I couldn't button my shirt.

I went into the meeting and about halfway through, the Holy Spirit said, "Why don't you tell these people what's going on?" So I did, and the people just roared with laughter. I showed them the pleats and plackets. We had a tremendous night of miracles in spite of my attire!

One of my first times to minister was also in Fort Morgan, and it was one of the highlights of my life. As the preliminaries were taking place, the Lord spoke to me and said, "I want you to be first to exercise your faith tonight."

I said, "OK. How do you want me to do that?"

"Before you say one other thing, I want you to get up and say, 'The first man who stands up gets healed.'" Two men jumped up.

"I'll take the older man back there in the corner, and I'll pray for you later," I said, as I pointed to the young man. As the old man began to come to the front, I wished I would have chosen the other one, because I could see that he had rheumatoid arthritis. His fingers were all crippled. It really shook me up. I



thought, “Oh, no. What are we going to do?”

I had sense enough to close my eyes so I wouldn't lose my anointing. As he came up, I didn't open my eyes. I said, "Put your hands in my hands." He put those old crooked fingers in my hands, and then I could feel them.

You see, we are greatly affected by our five senses, what we feel, see, taste, hear, and smell. Feeling those crooked fingers was really hard on me, but I began to pray and said, “You old rheumatoid arthritis, I command you, in Jesus' Name, to get out of this body!” Sure enough, the power of God began to jerk both of us. He thought I was jerking him, and I thought he was jerking me. We had a hold of the power of the Holy Spirit.

I still had my eyes closed. Those arms began to work upwards, and soon we had our hands straight up in the air. We still had a hold of each other. I opened my eyes and, praise God, the man was completely healed of arthritis! He began to cry and holler and run around the room showing people how God had healed his fingers.

The people began to shout. Faith was at a high level. As I continued speaking, the word of knowledge came to me again. “Somebody here has heart problems.” A man stood up and said, "It's me. I'm 22 years old. I was working for an electrical company on a power pole where lightning hit me and knocked me off the pole. When I hit the ground, my heart revived and my life was saved.” Doctors had told him he'd never work again. His heart was fluttering constantly.

I said, “Well, Doctor Jesus is here!” I didn't even touch the young man. I just pointed my hand at him and he fell under the power of the Holy Spirit. I asked if somebody knew how to listen to his heart. “Get down there and listen to it.” Someone did and said, "It sounds good to me.” The young man was completely healed. Doctors told him later that he hadn't just received a repaired heart but a new one.

A doctor was present who didn't know what was happening. He thought the man had a heart attack and had fallen to the ground because of that. He was concerned that no one was down there with him, trying to raise him up. But he

wasn't going to say anything. These two miracles got his attention—so much so that he went back and quit his practice, went to Rhema Bible Training Center in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and ended up being one of the Bible teachers there. This young man, Dr. Jerry Gross, is now the pastor of Faith Christian Fellowship in Tulsa.

Miracles continued to flow that evening. When I finished speaking, the Lord said, "There's doubt in this place and I want to get rid of it."

I said, "Lord, there have been three mighty miracles! How could there be doubt in this place?"

In obedience I said, "I'll close my eyes, so I don't embarrass anyone. All those in doubt, stand up, come down here, and stand behind me."

It was very interesting. As I opened my eyes, there was not one person in front of me! They were all behind me. You see, miracles show us how much doubt and how much faith we really do have in our lives. That is why all things are possible to them that believe and have faith in what the Bible says. We have got to get the doubt and unbelief out of our lives to release the supernatural. God wants to flow through our lives. He wants to use every one of us. We all are so full of possibilities and carrying so many blessings and miracles. If only we would learn to be obedient to what the Holy Spirit tells us to do. We have to be obedient in order to release miracles. Every time the Holy Spirit tells us to do something, there's a miracle on the other end. I have taught myself to be obedient. I'm not where I would like to be, but I am getting there.

## **Chapter 20: Obedience**

I would like to relate another story of obedience. I was back in Chicago where my wife and I were visiting her sister Marge Boyce. We attended an Assembly of God church there, and before the service we were in a prayer meeting. As I was praying, the Lord told me to pray for the daughter of a lady who was kneeling next to me. Instead of praying in faith and obedience, I whispered to Marge on my other side, "Does this lady have a daughter?"

Marge looked at the lady and said "No, she doesn't." I thought, "Oh, good! I'm sure glad I asked Marge and didn't pray or anything."

A few days later, after we had come home from Chicago, Marge called me. "Do you remember that lady who was kneeling next to you at the prayer meeting? What were you going to pray with her about?"

I said, "Well, I believed the Lord wanted me to pray for her daughter."

Slowly Marge replied, "She did have a daughter who was about 18 years old. She died on Monday, and she wasn't sick or anything! It was all very strange."

I got off the phone and had to get on my knees and ask God to forgive me for being disobedient. I had her miracle! That taught me something. Sometimes our obedience means the difference between life and death for some people. Now when the Holy Spirit talks to me, I just ask myself, "Is what I'm about to do going to glorify Jesus? Will it expand the kingdom? Will Jesus be lifted up?" If the answers are "yes," I just go ahead, and in strict obedience and confidence I do what the Lord has told me to do.

I was asked to minister at a certain church to the young people. The Pastor told me, "You can preach, but I don't want any deliverance or anything like that."

I replied, "Don't worry. I'm not looking for any devils. No need to be concerned."

I gave my testimony and the evening went on. Afterwards I began to minister to them. As I was praying for the sick and for other things, I came to a certain

young man who had taught karate in the Army. He was a very powerful man and was built like a brick. He had back problems so I asked him to sit in a chair in front of me. I knelt down and lifted up his legs. As the Lord was lengthening his leg, the Spirit of God spoke to me and said, "He's got a devil, and that devil wants to kill you." All the hair on my body stood up. I stood up as calmly as I could and smiled at him. "I have to tell you what the Holy Spirit just told me. He said that you have a demon, and that demon wants to kill me."

At that very second, he leaped out of the chair into a karate position and began to dance around while yelling. The other young people became like wallpaper and gave me plenty of room. I began to pray, "Greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world." The whole time this guy was dancing around me. All he had to do was hit me one time, and that would have been it for me. This man kept dancing around and putting fear on everybody else. Finally, the Holy Spirit said, "Reach out and grab him, and cast the devil out of him."

I said, "I will if I can catch him." As fast as I could move, and as fast as I could pray, I grabbed him, and said, "Come out of him, in Jesus' Name." The power of God hit that man and knocked him to the floor. What a great position that is for someone who is trying to kill you! He got a knock-out punch from the Holy Ghost and was totally delivered. Later he got up and looked at me. With tears in his eyes he said, "I know I've had that thing for years and haven't known how to get rid of it"

Later I heard that this young man went into the ministry and is now a pastor. I thank God for giving me that opportunity. Only He knows the lives that were changed and brought into a reality with Jesus Christ because of my obedience.

Our home became an exciting place. We began to minister to young people, holding Bible studies. Hippies would show up at our door because they had heard about us, and they would sleep on our floor. Many mighty things happened.

One night a funny incident occurred. The doorbell rang about 1:00 in the morning, and I got all excited and grabbed my robe and ran to the door. Too late I realized that I was wearing my wife's pink bathrobe. The man at the door looked at me kind of funny and said "I hear you cast out devils, is that right?" I

said, "Why? Do you have one?" and he answered, "Yes, I have one."

I invited him in, in spite of the pink robe, and I'll never forget what happened. The man said he had been to Mexico and picked up this devil. He knew something was on him, or in him, and, anyway, this devil began to cry out from inside of him, "Mi casa. Mi casa!" I knew enough Spanish to understand the demon was yelling, "My house, my house!" Praise God, by the power of the Holy Spirit, we got him delivered and we cast the devil out of him.

A few years ago a singing group from Cincinnati, Ohio, came to the church we were attending, and we decided to keep four of the young high school students in our home. By the time the stay was over, I had prayed for every one of them, and God had given each one a miracle of some kind.

The next morning I took the girls back to the church where the group was having their regular chapel service before traveling on. The leader asked for those who wanted to give testimonies to come to the front. The four girls who had stayed with us lined up, and they all shared about what Jesus had done for them the previous evening. They were excited!

The leader, who was Spirit filled, had been waiting and praying for a time such as this. He saw me sitting in the back and asked me to share with the whole group. I shared, and the power of God fell in that place, and the usual 15-minute meeting lasted for about four hours. Many of them accepted Jesus, many were baptized in the Holy Spirit, deliverances were taking place, and healings also. Some were crying and some were singing with joy. It was quite an experience! Many of these students went home and told their parents about the many things that had happened while in Greeley, Colorado.

A short time later I received a call and was invited to come to the church in Ohio and share at their once-a-month miracle service.

I was elated. I was still in the cattle business and remember flying to Ohio thinking this couldn't be happening to me! The next afternoon as I was praying, God showed me a few things that would take place that Sunday evening in the meeting. I could hardly believe my eyes when I walked in, as there was a choir of almost 100 people, and the church was packed.

It felt like a Billy Graham meeting, but I was the speaker! I walked into the

big rock pulpit, and it reminded me of walking into a cattle chute. It made me laugh, and my first words were, "This is the biggest sheep chute that I've ever walked into!" In a joking manner I added that I was going to release them in about five and a half hours. They all laughed. Little did we know that I was prophesying.

I gave my testimony and then said, "God showed me two things to pray for this evening. First of all, is there anybody totally deaf here?" Now just think about that for a little bit. That sure is a safe question to ask when the person wouldn't be able to hear it. The people began to laugh.

Somebody said, "Well here is one here, and there is one over there." I said, "Bring them up to the front." I remember walking across that big platform and hearing the devil say, "What if it doesn't happen. They'll chase you out of town."

I replied, "I don't care, the Lord told me to do this and I'm going to do it." I obeyed God, and mighty things happened. The cars popped open and they began to hear. One of them hadn't spoken before and began to speak. The people began to get excited! The next thing the Lord had me say was, "I don't know anything about this disease but the Lord has told me that there is somebody here with cystic fibrosis." I honestly didn't know what it was. I looked up, and at the back of the church, I saw a mother pushing her little son in a wheel chair to the front. He had cystic fibrosis and had never walked in his entire life.

I asked the mother, "Could I pick him up out of the chair?"

She replied "Oh, yes, do whatever you want to."

I'd been lifting hay bales all summer, so the young boy felt like a feather as I lifted him up. I commanded that cystic fibrosis out of him, and heaven reached down and kissed him. Strength came into his body, and he stood for the first time in his life. When he began to take little baby steps, the people came unglued. The people forgot they were Presbyterians and began to yell. They were so excited!

About two or three weeks later, I got a report that the young boy was walking and running. What a marvelous miracle!

Miracle after miracle happened that evening. Many people received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The people would line up at the front for deliverances. I'd run along and lay hands on them, and the power of God laid them flat. We'd get them up, and another line would form. This happened over and over again. The meeting went from 6:00 P.M. to 11:45 P.M. People were going home, getting their sick friends and bringing them back to church.

There is another part to this story. While in Cincinnati I stayed in the home of a businessman. The Saturday night before I ministered at the church, I ministered to a group of people he had invited to his home.

The Lord showed me that somebody had a little round itchy spot on his arm, like a rash. It happened to be the man who was in charge of the meeting, the man in whose home I was staying. As I prayed for him, the Lord healed him! I also had a prophecy for him, and it was this—the devil was trying to make him feel very uncomfortable because he was a businessman. He thought he needed to sell his business and get into the ministry. Consequently, he wasn't enjoying being a businessman.

I said, "God called you to be a businessman, and to prove that, God is going to give you a tremendous financial miracle in your travel business."

We kept in touch with each other, and one night about two or three weeks later he called me. "I'm so excited!" he exclaimed, "I've been trying to get this certain account for years, and a man just called me and gave me half of the account. As I recall, it was about three and a half million dollars worth of business."

That one account caused his business to flourish, and later on he sold it for many millions of dollars. I believe that my obedience to pray for that little tiny spot on the man's arm, and God verifying His love and compassion on that businessman, caused this great miracle.

## **Chapter 22: God's Power in Healing**

I remember going to a Full Gospel Businessmen's Meeting in Denver, Colorado. Before the meeting, I went into the room and prayed and asked the Lord what would be happening that night. The Lord began to show me that I was going to pray for a prisoner who had stomach problems. I went into the meeting and gave my testimony.

Afterwards I asked, "Has anyone here been a prisoner?" A small Chinese lady came forward. She said that she had been a prisoner of war and had just a few months to live, as she had terrible stomach problems. The doctors wanted to operate but gave her no hope. It was going to take a miracle. I told her, "I'm going to pray for you."

I went to lay hands on her, but she forgot all about me and fell on her knees. She began to pray in tongues with her hands folded, and I knew she was talking to Jesus.

For five or ten minutes she continued to pray. She was crying, and her beautiful mascara dripped down off her chin along with the tears. I knew she had had a tremendous experience with Jesus.

She looked at me, and in her broken English said, "Jesus sit right there on the table! He sit right there on the table! He talk to me and He told me that He heal me." He also told her different things that were going to happen in her life. Then she said, "Oh, yes, Jesus want me to tell you something—He enjoying meeting!" I'll never forget that.

Ever since that meeting, I've always wanted Jesus Christ to enjoy the meeting. I don't want Him to go to sleep or be bored. It's been a tremendous challenge in my life since that time.

Years ago, I was invited to go and minister to a young man who was in the last stages of leukemia at Children's Hospital in Denver. He was still in high school, had already lost all of his hair, and was covered with red spots. He had made a death tape on what it felt like to die and had sent it to his high school class. I knew he was a Christian and that he had hundreds of people praying for him.



I walked into his room, and I said, "Young man, are you believing for your healing?"

He replied, "Yes, if it be God's will, I will be healed."

I know it was God's will for him to be healed, because 2,000 years ago, by the stripes of Jesus, he was healed! Healing belongs to us; it's our inheritance, and it is God's will!

I said, "Young man, if you pray like that you'll die. Go ahead and die and I'll see you in heaven." I said that to shake him up a little bit, to get him to start thinking. I continued, "Do you want to live?"

He said "Does the sun come up in the east? Of course I want to live!"

I said, "Well, believing and praying like that, you will die. Let me explain to you what the scripture says."

As I explained the scriptures to him, his eyes lit up and he got excited! You could tell there was a change taking place in him. He began to say "Yes, yes, I can see it—I see it! Oh, please pray."

I had my brother Herb with me, and we prayed together and said, "You will soon be getting out of the hospital." That was on a Saturday afternoon.

Herb and I went home rejoicing. The next day I called to see how he was doing, and he had already been dismissed from the hospital. The nurse said, "A strange thing happened to him, the leukemia is gone!"

That incident taught me a lesson and shook me up in my faith. I knew that young man would have died had I prayed the wrong kind of prayer. The Bible really is true when it says, "My people perish for a lack of knowledge."

If you are sick and you've been praying, "If it be Thy will," study the Word of God and apply the Word to your sickness, and you will be healed. Healing belongs to you; it's yours!

Another miracle took place at the same hospital in Denver. There was a lady from eastern Colorado who called me and said that her year-and-a-half old son was in the hospital with cancer. The doctors had opened him up and had found that the cancer roots had wrapped themselves around the ribs, and there was no way to remove them. They just sewed him back up saying there was no hope.

I went in to pray for him and saw him lying under an oxygen tent. All I could do was reach under the tent and grab him by his big toe. I commanded that cancer out of him in the name of Jesus and quietly left the room.

His mother called me within the next few days and told me how excited they were. Their son was improving and the doctors checked him again and again and found no cancer. No cancer! I rejoiced with them. Years later, this mother came into our church with a young man at her side. He was the small baby I had prayed for and was now a handsome young man.

One night a lady called me about two o'clock in the morning. To this day, I don't even remember talking to her. A couple of days later this woman called me, excitedly praising God as she said, "I'm here at the airport getting ready to fly to Ireland, and I want to thank you." She went on and on, and I didn't have the heart to ask who she was.

I finally said, "What's the problem? What happened?"

She replied, "Don't you remember? I'm the lady who called you up real early in the morning a couple of nights ago. I had stomach cancer, and somebody told me to call you. I called, and you prayed for me over the telephone. I then went to the doctor and told him that somebody had prayed for me, and I needed to have a checkup. He checked for the cancer, and all the tests came back negative. The cancer is gone! Thank you for praying."

Even when we're asleep, we can release the power of God, and God heals.

## **Chapter 23: God's Power in Deliverance**

As I said at the beginning, deliverance is one area I never wanted to get into, because I had a lack of knowledge on the subject. The Holy Spirit taught me by the Word of God and through the experiences I got into, and I was then able to see God's mighty power.

I want to share with you some of my early experiences in deliverance.

I was out in eastern Colorado ministering in a little church. A woman came in, and as she did I could feel the power of the evil one that was in her. She came up to the front and sat down. It was very difficult for me to minister, and the Lord said, "She has some devils in her, and I want you to cast them out."

I called her up, prayed for her, and the power of God knocked her to the floor.

The Lord said, "Now get down there and deliver her."

My friend, Harold Biensch, and my brother Wayne were with me. I had Harold grab one arm, I grabbed the other, Wayne grabbed her feet. Now my brother Wayne is a strong man, and as he grabbed her feet, this devil manifested. The lady lifted up her head, and in a voice that was not her own said, "That's not fair."

She had seven devils and murder was one of them. She told us afterwards that she was afraid she was going to kill her children because her anger would come out so strong. The Lord delivered her totally.

A footnote in regard to deliverance and children—most children have never seen a deliverance. They will come and look, and then they go back to their playing and pay no more attention to it.

When Jesus had a deliverance in the Bible. He never took the person behind the barn or took them away from the crowd but delivered them right there in front of everybody.

There was an older couple at this meeting, and as they saw this deliverance

they said, “We’ve never seen anything like this before, but we're sure this is what’s wrong with our son.”

I asked, “Where is your son?”

They replied, “He’s in a mental institution.” I asked if there were any way possible that they could get him out and bring him to my home.

“Yes,” they replied, and then began to tell me the story of all he had done. The devils in him would make him jump in a vehicle and drive until he was out of money or out of gas. His parents would have to pick him up—sometimes states away. The reason he ended up in the mental institution was because he had run down to the neighbor’s house and had put his fist through their picture window. He cut his wrist quite badly and began to swear and frighten the neighbors. He was a big man, about six feet, four inches, and he weighed over 350 pounds. We made an appointment for a few days later.

I had a couple of other men with me that day in my house. The couple arrived with their son. When they brought him in, his tongue was going in and out of his mouth like a snake. He had understanding just like the man that had the legion of devils in the Bible. He could talk to Jesus, but those devils were in him.

I took this man by himself, and I said, “Brother, do you want to be delivered? Do you want to be set free?”

He said "Yes, yes, I want to be set free!"

I took him into our living room, and I prayed with all the faith I had! I bound those devils in the name of Jesus and commanded them to do no harm to me or to anybody else. I also told them to come out peacefully.

As the demons came out, they would give their names and over 40 devils came out of that man. When the last one came out, even the pupils in his eyes dilated to the size that they should be, and he knelt down in front of his parents saying, “I’m free! I’m free! I’m free!”

We all began to cry at what Jesus had done. Before he left, I asked him if he

wanted anything else from Jesus.

He said, “Well, do you think Jesus could heal my finger?” as he stretched out his index finger.

I looked at it and asked, “What happened?”

He answered, “When I put my arm through that picture window, I cut the main tendon” It had shrunk to the size of his little finger and he couldn’t bend it at all.

I took hold of his finger and prayed in the name of Jesus. I said, “Watch your finger very carefully because it’s growing.” We watched the Lord bring that finger to a normal size.

I then said, “Brother, see if you can bend your finger.” He bent his finger, and as he did the Lord gave him a new tendon.

As far as I know, this young man never went back to the mental institution. His parents took him back to the farm and he’s been fanning ever since. That miracle showed me the power of God, and what God could do! It gave me confidence in knowing who I am in Jesus.

One night two young girls called and woke me. They were so scared they could hardly speak.

"We hear you cast out devils. Is that true?" they asked. "Could you come over as fast as you can?"

“Yes, I'll be right there,” I replied.

I arrived to find two very frightened girls. They proceeded to tell me that years ago, one of them used to play with tarot cards. She had discovered them in a desk drawer, and as she pulled them out, two devils manifested right in front of their eyes.

I looked around. “Do you mean those tarot cards right there?” I said, pointing

to the desk.

They answered breathlessly, "Oh, please don't touch them! We don't want those things to show themselves again."

I said, "In the name of Jesus, I bind these devils. I command them out of this house, and I break the power off of these tarot cards."

I then proceeded to tear them up, and the girls nearly passed out. I explained that the cards had no power because of Jesus, and I got to lead those two girls to Jesus. The enemy overplayed his hand. He scared them right into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

## **Chapter 24: The Spirit of Might**

One day a young friend of the family called, "Dave, there's something wrong with my husband."

"What's the problem?" I responded. "Do you know if he's been drinking? Is that the problem?"

"I don't know," she said. "He's never acted this way before. Could you come over?"

"I'll finish my supper and I'll be right over."

As I walked in the door of their garden level apartment, I saw her husband sitting in a chair, staring with glassy eyes.

His gaze shifted toward me, and he glared at me with evil in his eyes. "My name is Ecar, and we are legion, for we are many," he sneered.

I knew from past experience what I was dealing with. Most Christians would have said, "Good night!" and walked out of the door.

The strength and the power of God came on me, and I walked over to this young man and I just began to laugh.

I said, "You dumb devils, don't you know that Jesus defeated you at the cross?"

They replied, "Yes, we know that, but we win in the end,"

I had a laughing fit "I read the back of the book, and your future looks terrible."

No response. I just ignored them for a few minutes and went over to the other side of the room to talk to the man's wife.

He got up from where he was sitting, and he walked to the other side of the room where I was and just stared at me. He was a big guy.

I walked past him to where he had been sitting and sat down in the chair and just stared back. All at once I felt the power of God rise up in me. It was the Spirit of Might. I felt like "the Hulk." Something was happening. I felt like I was being transformed. I began to flex my muscles, and I threw out my chest and began to go through these contortions. I came out of the chair looking real mean. I marched across that room, and when I got to him, he was backing up against the wall. I grabbed him by the ears, and I commanded those devils out of him in Jesus' name.

The power of God hit him so hard it knocked him half way across the room. His glasses went flying, and he lay on the floor. I couldn't even tell if he was breathing. I watched him, and pretty soon his little wife said, "Dave, is he dead?"

"No, Jesus never kills anyone."

About that time, he opened one eye and looked up at his wife. Then he began to cry, "Oh, honey, I hope I haven't hurt you."

Jesus had totally delivered him! I asked him what had happened previous to my arrival. He told me how he was feeling depressed because he didn't have a job. He bought some wine, sat in the chair, and began to feel sorry for himself. He said he felt like he was being paralyzed starting at his toes and moving to his head. He felt as if he were falling into a river. The feeling went right up his legs until he couldn't move his legs, waist, chest, and finally, his whole body. Demonic voices talked to him all afternoon.

"What did they tell you?" I asked.

"They came for a purpose. They told me that the devil had sent them to kill Dave Duell."

I know that is why the Spirit of Might came on me. It gave me great encouragement to know that in any situation, we have the authority in the name of Jesus. We have the power over these evil beings.

I remember that I used to wrestle these devils for hours— sometimes all night long. I was working very hard and was getting up early in the morning to do



farm work. I would stay out late, being robbed of my sleep—they were wearing me out.

One day, after a particularly long night, I asked the Lord about it. “Does it need to take so long?”

The Lord answered, “They know whether you believe or not. Just speak the Word in faith, believing what you pray, and they must obey.” Since that time there have been very few long nights.

## **Chapter 25: The Witch and the Wizard**

I recall the time a young witch came to Greeley and got born again, delivered, and filled with the Holy Spirit. It was so exciting to see her life change. The young man with whom she was living in Colorado Springs was a wizard. He delved in the supernatural and somehow found out where she was located and called her up.

“I knew exactly when you accepted Jesus Christ in your life. You did, didn't you?” he said in a hateful voice.

She replied that she had, and he told her to expect him in Greeley. He was catching the next bus.

She called me, and I immediately found out what bus he was coming in on. My friend and I went to pick him up at the bus stop.

The first thing he said as he stepped off the bus was, “You haven't baptized her in water yet, have you?”

That statement gave me a clue that water baptism must be very powerful.

I tried to distract him saying, “What you need is a good breakfast, and then we'll take you to her.” We took him to a restaurant, bought him breakfast, and left him there.

We went and got the young girl and took her to a lake and baptized her in water. We returned and got him and took him to my friend's house where she was staying.

He walked in and said, “She's in the basement isn't she?”

“Correct.” We said.

I had to leave and said good-bye.

I had just gotten home when my friend's wife called me and said in a distraught voice, “Oh, Dave, come quickly! Come quickly!”

I rushed back to their house and found police cars in the driveway with the lights flashing.

“Oh, God, what happened? I hope he didn’t kill anyone!” I thought to myself as I ran into the house.

The wizard had tried to put curses on my friend, and my friend rebuked them in the name of Jesus. They went back and forth like that, and finally the wizard couldn’t take it any more. He ran out of the house and went screaming down the middle of the street.

The neighbors heard him and had called the police. He kept running back and forth, screaming. Later on this young man got born again, delivered, and filled with the Spirit. The young lady who had been a witch later found a fine Christian man, and I had the privilege of having a part in their wedding.

Years ago one of the first deliverances that I saw involved a young couple from Minnesota. The day they got married, she went to a mental institution. She was in for about a month or two before coming to Greeley where they made an appointment with me.

We met them in the chapel of our church. The husband began telling us about his wife, and as he did, she would talk very loudly and wouldn’t be quiet. She continued to say out loud what she had on her mind and was being very disruptive. I did everything that I knew to ignore her.

Finally, I said, “Well, why don’t you just let me pray for her.” We prayed and commanded every devil to get out of her. At the time we didn’t see any visible signs whatsoever, but we knew God’s Word was true.

They went home and that night as she was lying in bed, she began to cry for her husband saying, “Bring me a bucket, bring a bucket!”

He came running with a wastebasket, and she vomited. He commented to me later that the stuff she had vomited was not normal.

She went right to sleep, and very early the next morning her husband called

me.

He spoke very quietly on the phone and whispered, “Dave, you are going to have a hard time believing this, but my wife has slept all night long! She even has a smile on her face, and I know some tremendous things have happened in her.”

When we went to church on Sunday morning, there they were together holding hands. She was totally delivered, and they were finally newlyweds in a very special way.

When we speak like Jesus speaks, we have that same authority, and the demons have to come out. They must obey.

One time I came home from Africa all fired up. I had just seen miracles of every kind, and the power of God was really flowing in my life. I came back to my home church and told my people, “You think all the devils are over in Africa? I’m going to prove to you the authority that we have now as believers. I’m going to command in Jesus’ name that every devil in this place has to stand up.”

I commanded, and about 17 or 18 people stood up. I just pointed my finger at them, and the power of God hit them like I was hitting them with a hammer or something. All across the auditorium, the power knocked them flat right where they were.

I also did the same thing in a Bible school in Costa Rica and in the Philippines. We had some major deliverances. Praise God for the power we have in Jesus’ name! When we believe what the Bible says, all things are possible!

It says in the last part of Ephesians that all authority has been given to the body, or the church, and we have to exercise that authority that He’s given unto us!

## **Chapter 26: A Sick Horse**

As I said before, when you go to pray for someone, you never know how many more people you'll pray for because of that one prayer.

Kent and Nora Kingsbury came to one of our meetings at the University Center and saw what God was doing. They asked me if I would come and pray for their sick horse. I agreed and drove many miles out to their ranch. On the way, the devil was talking to my mind, "This is crazy, going way out here to pray for a sick horse!"

It was lunch time when I arrived. They asked me to come in and eat with them. We had a nice meal and as we were finishing, I looked at their only son, Charley, and I said, "The Lord is showing me that Charley has hip problems."

They said, "Really? We thought that was taken care of. He was born with some hip problems."

I said, "Well it looks like this prayer is going to finish it up today."

I remember sitting him in a chair and praying for him, and he was healed.

We then went out to pray for the horse, and Charley expected the horse to fall under the power of the Spirit when I prayed for it. The Lord healed the horse and Charley called his grandpa, who is a very prominent man in our city. He owns a trucking company, along with many other businesses. He told his grandpa what had happened and said, "Why don't you have Dave come and pray for your trucks?"

Sure enough, the next morning I got a call from his grandfather, John Shupe. He asked me to come and pray for his trucks. When I got there he had brought together his entire staff and his three daughters and their husbands. He was very serious about this.

Before we prayed for the trucks, we had a miracle service. This took place in January. His truckers had been involved in over 70 accidents the year before, making it very hard on his business.

He was believing for a miracle!

God showed me something wrong with John himself. He hadn't told anyone about this problem, and God healed him. God went right around the room and healed many people!

As I came to his daughter, Nora, I had a word of knowledge for her. "I see you on television, standing behind a little pulpit, and speaking before thousands of people."

A week or so later Charles Blair, pastor of Calvary Temple in Denver, called and asked her husband, Kent, to be on his television show that week. Nora said to herself, "Well, Dave must have meant Kent and not me." Pastor Blair called back a short time later and said, "I also want Nora to be on the program."

When they arrived at Calvary Temple a few mornings later, there was a small pulpit just exactly like the one described through the word of knowledge. She gave her testimony to the thousands that were watching television that day. This was a faith builder for them and for me too.

To get back to the trucks—we prayed for the business, and their accident rate went down close to zero that next year, outside of a few "fender benders." I remember being in a restaurant with John Shupe when the insurance man came over and said, "Whatever you're doing, just continue to do it!"

This family has been a tremendous blessing to me! They have helped me go on many of my crusades. I really thank God for their faithfulness to the Holy Spirit and for their helping me get to these places; they share in the rewards.

Another miracle in the Kingsburys' lives happened a few years later. The family goes to many rodeos, as Nora is a barrel racer. One day she was training out on the ranch and the horse missed a barrel. She was making him back up, and for some reason, the horse got mad and leaped in the air. The horse fell backwards on top of Nora and split her hips open and damaged her internally. She was rushed to the hospital where they pinned her hips.

Later on Nora also had some other major complications, such as a burst

intestine which was letting poison into her entire body. I had been out of town that day and didn't hear about the setback until the evening. After our service that evening, I asked a friend of mine, John Wells, if he would go up to the hospital with me and pray for Nora.

We went up about 10:30 P.M. and were shocked at how badly she looked. She was all puffy and bloated. We stayed there and prayed in the Spirit for about an hour and commanded life back into her body. We also commanded her spirit to stay and rebuked death.

At the time we prayed, we were the only ones there as the doctors had sent the entire family home. This was unusual, because the family had been staying with her 24 hours a day.

I came back on Saturday, and the father, John Shupe, said, "Dave, do you want to see a miracle?" I walked into her room, and she was absolutely normal looking. It was the difference between night and day. I've never seen such a change in my life. God had healed her and taken all the poison out of her body. She was up walking in the next few days, and that next week she was released from the hospital.

When I got to talk to Nora, she said, "Did you guys lift me up off the bed? Were you lifting me in the air?"

The only thing I could figure out was that her spirit was leaving her body, and we had commanded it back. She was totally healed.

## **Chapter 27: The Positive Drive**

“And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the church through Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.” Ephesians 3:19-21.

Traditional religion has handed down a limited concept of God’s relationship with those who believe in Him—that walking with God is for the limited few, those who have consecrated themselves to material poverty, physical suffering, and a general put-down.

There are two schools of thought:

- 1) Man's greatest need is for relation, ease, pleasure, and freedom of pressure. “Just let me simply live, breathe, eat, and love.”
- 2) Man’s most basic need is for meaning, for significance and purpose in life, which only Jesus Christ can give.

You can choose what appeals to you, but if you ever want to accomplish anything for yourself, for others, and for God, you will need to discover the miracle source of God at work in man and the wonderful purpose God has for you in this life. Discover your value, your dynamic potential for happiness, health, success, and prosperity with God. God at work in you is a powerful driving force that you can learn to release for miracles for others and for yourself.

But you must learn to look in the right direction. You can see blue sky or a mud puddle. It all depends on what you are looking for. God did not call us to go from pit to pit but from glory to glory.

You have to get God's opinion of yourself through His Word. The amount of faith that you operate in is directly proportional to the revelation knowledge that you have of God through His Word. Most Christians today are full of the knowledge about how to operate in Satan’s system and are deficient in the knowledge it takes to prosper in God’s system. So it is not really a faith problem that exists, but rather it is a Word problem. God said in Hosea, “My people are



destroyed for lack of knowledge”—God’s knowledge.

I believe the world has not yet seen the authority that was given to them through Jesus. Neither has man accepted the authority that is rightfully his as a born-again man.

Man was created to have fellowship with Deity. He was created in God’s likeness. Everything was created for man. Man was the crown of all creation. God was willing to give His son Jesus to get His man back, to have fellowship and make men His sons, His family. Faith grows out of continued fellowship with the Father.

I see three things that are stopping the flow of the Holy Spirit in our lives:

- 1) Ignorance—You have to know the Word of God to survive in these days.
- 2) Unbelief—Not believing what God has said will allow you to live a life that is useless.
- 3) Sin—Sin destroys fellowship. We must cleanse our lives of any sin.

Doubt is sin. It is the opposite of faith. As long as you indulge in doubt, it is easy to reason about the Word of God and excuse yourself for unbelief and doubt. People need to stop and analyze the truth and realize they are to blame for yielding to satanic powers that cause doubt and influence them to live in unbelief.

The Bible means what it says and says what it means; we must take it over the traditions of men. Dishonesty in handling God's Word deceitfully will destroy more faith in one day than can be built up in a lifetime. An example of this kind of thinking is, “Maybe it isn't God's will to heal everybody. If it is God’s will, I will live and if not, I will die.” Those kinds of statements prove you do not know God’s Word. Never contradict God’s Word. If God makes a statement, it should be final and should be taken at face value. The Law of Faith says: “All things are possible to them who believe.” (Mark 9:20) “All things whatsoever you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive.” (Matthew 21:21-22) "Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." (James 1:5-8)

The law of Faith is not a formula, but a relationship with Jesus and the Word of God. God is reproducing Himself in us. The new creation has received the

very nature and life of God. We invite Jesus and the Holy Spirit in us, and They give us the nature of the Father, and They cause us to become conformed to the Word and to Their image. The very genius of Christianity is the ability of God to build Himself into us through the Word, so that in our daily walk we will live like the Master. Galatians 4:19 slates, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you...."

The process of building Christ in us may be very slow, but it makes "Jesus Men" out of us. We are His creation and until Christ is formed in us, the world cannot see anything in us but religion. The Father is actually building His love. His life, His righteousness, His strength. His wisdom, and His faith into our lives.

As I study Paul's writings, I am convinced that each one of his epistles is the building of Jesus' life in the individual. We must take Jesus' place on this earth, to act in His place. There must be a conscious training of our minds to think of ourselves as actual representatives or ambassadors, letting His mighty gifts of the Holy Spirit flow through us and being "on call" at all times.

I want to become so "Jesus-ized" that whoever comes into my presence will be Jesus conscious. I know Jesus is saying, "I want to be magnified in you; I want to absorb your personality. I want to take possession of your dreams, visions and ambitions. I want first place in your life." But stupid man says, "If I do, I will never achieve the things I want to do. I will be limited." But Jesus is saying, "I love you more than you love yourself. I know what will make you happy; I made you. I want you to be successful in all that you do. I have the ability to put you over."

Everyone has a calling in life, and what you do with it is your responsibility. Many people are living in rebellion to the call of God on their lives. I believe God is saying, "You can live an entire lifetime and never answer the call that I have on your life, but the day you stand before me you will be judged according to that call."

Take God at His word and do what you know to do. Take every opportunity to minister for Jesus. God will reward you for being faithful and obedient. It doesn't matter whether the task is big or small—do it. Because you are looking

for the spectacular, you may miss the supernatural. When we start walking this way, the confidence and sureness in which Jesus walked comes into our lives.

Colossians 1:12 states, "Giving thanks unto the Father, Who has given us the ability to enjoy our share of the inheritance of the saints in light." We begin to draw on the dividends of what He has done for us and in us. We start enjoying the riches of His grace, finding our roots in Royalty, becoming strong in the Faith, renewing our minds to God's abundance, releasing a super-charged, positive drive that will carry us through this life and on into the next!

## **Faith Ministries International Network**

Dave and Bonnie Duell serve as part of the Apostolic Team leading Faith Ministries International Network. Their local church, Faith Ministries Church International in Littleton, Colorado, is a partnering ministry in FMIN.

## **What is FMIN?**

In 1998, God re-birthed a desire in Dave and Bonnie Duell, to join together with others in the Body of Christ and form a relational network that could pool the resources of its partners and facilitate the advancement of the Kingdom of God beyond the ability of a single person. Their message is the freedom of grace and peace through faith righteousness in Jesus Christ.

Today, FMIN has grown to nearly 100 partners, representing hundreds of churches and ministries in twenty-six countries.

## **Vision**

To expand the kingdom of God, help establish local churches and ministries, and empower all believers to walk in the fullness of their callings and gifts.

Please contact us for more information about FMIN, our events, and partnership at:

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## *Bonnie and Dave Duell*

Dave and Bonnie Duell are the founders and senior pastors of Faith Ministries Church International in Denver, Colorado. They are also founders of Faith Ministries International Network which comprises churches and translocal ministries worldwide.

Dave has an apostolic calling and anointing and has ministered in churches and crusades in 72 nations. Dave ministers the encouragement and power which come from the Gospel of Jesus Christ with signs and wonders following.

Bonnie is gifted to challenge people to excellence. Her exemplary life in the community and throughout the world sets her apart as a woman full of wisdom. The Duells' example as Christian leaders inspires believers to live a life of excellence, integrity and victory.

Dave serves on the Board of Directors for Rick Renner Ministries, AIMS (Accelerating International Mission Strategies) and Andrew Wommack Ministries. Dave and Bonnie have four married daughters, all involved in ministry, 18 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren. They have both received honorary doctorates from Bethel College in Riverside, California.